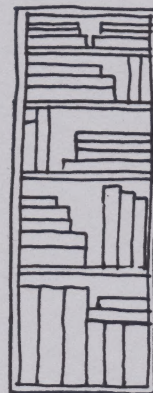
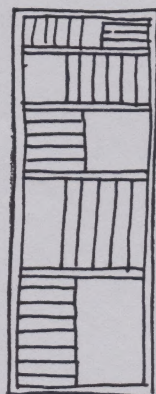
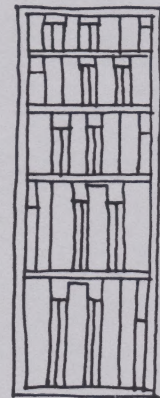
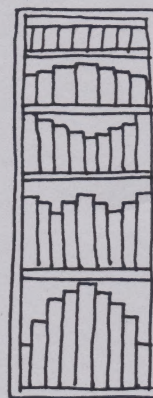
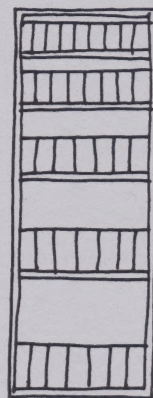
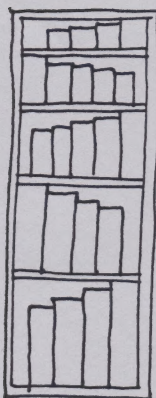
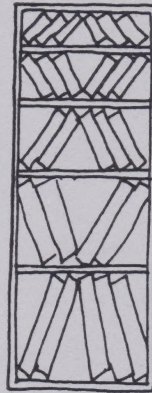
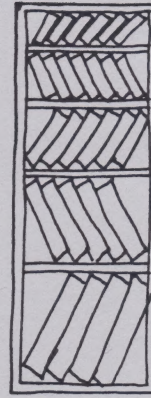
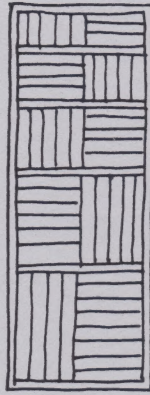
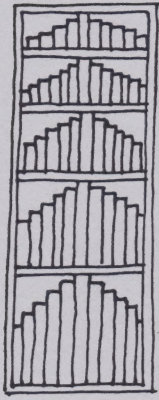


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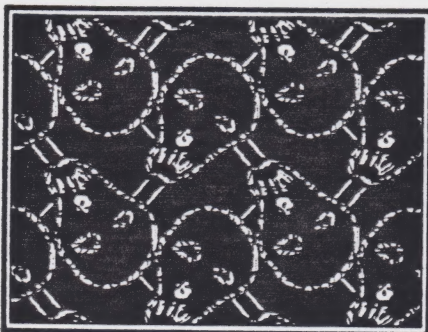


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LOU ACIERNO
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John De Vita
859 Van Nest Ave
BX, NY 10462

POETS' CAFE

In the weedy streets
of rotting teeth and shattered bones
the survivors of urban psychosis
chanting with muted tongues
bury the dead in concrete graves
while dissonant dreams
live half-lives, squared.

On the corner, an old peasant woman
in a wheelchair rants
to the shadows in the wind:
"Listen, listen
last night, Pablito came to me
in a dream and told me,
'Christ, too, is a communist'."

Outside the womb of the city
the cafe is lit by rose-cup candles;
on the back wall is painted
a black bull with blood dripping
from his horns
blood dripping from his wounds;
on the left wall, a dark bearded figure
his fingerless hands raised overhead
reaching for a pin light of dawn;
the right wall is painted black
like the throat of a scream.

Poems beat like bongos
congas beat like poems
congas and bongos beat the night
the night, it beats itself.

One old man cuts himself open
with the wolf of his blade
and takes out a tumor
growing inside him since birth;
he bleeds to death with a smile.

①
POETS' CAFE (cont'd)

One frail young woman
her cheeks flushed with winter blossoms
moistens her lips with the tongue
of poetry
clutches her swollen belly
goes into the pains of labor
and gives birth to twins:
one still-born,
one barely breathes.

Poems beat like bongos
congas beat like poems
congas and bongos beat the night
the night, it beats itself.

Sons dance with mothers
daughters with fathers
and men whirl their ladies
into the golden threads of shawls;
children dance with baby brothers
and sisters
and we raise our cups to toast
the city within the spirit
of our souls
even when our cup is empty.

①

Salomon Brothers Inc

KING KONG

© 1988 JOHN DEANEY

SOUR CHOCOLATE ~~BEF~~ WITH FRIED EGGS AND
HONEY.

" IF YOU CAN THINK OF ANOTHER WAY
THEN CHANGE INVESTMENT BANKERS FOREVER
DIGEST IT, SHIT, AND EAT
SOMETHING ELSE FOR BREAKFAST. THEN
IT STOPS, ABRUPTLY.

IF YOU OBJECT THEN
CHANGE ADMISSION TO YOUR LOGIC
AND BE A CAPITALIST LIKE EVERYONE
ELSE.

OTHERWISE EAT WHAT'S ON YOUR PLATE
AND DON'T FORGET THE LIMA BEANS
THE DULLEST GREEN APATHODISIAL IN
THE VEGETABLE KINGDOM.

AND FUCK YOU YOU VGLY MONICEY!

(2)

FUCK YOU YOU RAMPANT SINNER!

WE ALL FALL ON OUR KNEES IN DESPAIR,
NOT IN PRAISE.

YOU'RE NO DIFFERENT.

~~NO ONE CARES WHAT YOU'RE SUITS ARE SPOTS!~~

YOU THINK ~~YOU'RE~~ YOUR DRY CLEANER CARES?

IF YOU PROVIDE SOME BEAUTIFUL BODY
HE CAN'T RESIST SOME SUBSIDIZED BOREDOM.

WE'RE ON THIS PLANET TO LIVE!

BUT IF ~~WE~~^{YOU} MUST DO A JOB

~~WE~~^{YOU} MUST DO IT WELL,

FOR EVEN THE BEST PAID BEGGARS LIVE HOMELESS.

THAT'S THE ONLY REASON GIMME SHELTER MAKE
ANY MONEY.

JABBER'S CUNNING LIPS OBSCURE HIS
EMPATHY ^{FOR PRICE WILL} MIALED IN QUADMIRES OF EQUIP.
MENT WIRE CHADS.

SURE HE OWNS LOTS OF CARS.

BUT WE ALL FALL DOWN DEAD, DON'T WE?

EXCEPT YOU.

YOU SOUND LIKE A MAN WRITING A LETTER
TO THE EDITOR COMPLAINING ABOUT TITS IN BEETLE

LIKE A MAN DESTINED TO BE FRUSTRATED FOREVER ^{SOON} ~~ANYWAY~~ ^{BAILEY}.



Playtesting those burning desires.

To these children, technology is something that turns arson into just another computer game.

To their teacher, technology is what separates seeing from doing. She lets them see whatever they want. So they'll do what she wants.

Increasingly, however, images of destruction can't contain

visions of the real thing. Maybe that explains the damage to property from fires started by schoolchildren--and others.

Humanism, secular or otherwise, has long since turned to ashes. Life requires evil to burn bright and hard.

Nothing purifies the heart like extinguishing morality.

New Rage, P.O. Box 11492, Eugene, OR 97440

The Twelve Steps of X.X.

1. We admitted we were powerless over history —that our lives had become wrapped up in survival routines.
2. Came to believe that no Power greater than revolution could restore us to paradise.
3. Made a decision to turn our will and our lives over to no care of cops, *as we understood* nothing is true, everything is permitted
4. Made a searching and fearless radical critique of our domestication
5. Admitted our innocence to ourselves, and to another human mocked the exact nature of our conditioning.
6. Were entirely ready to have riots remove all these origins of character.
7. Humbly demanded they remove the value of money.
8. Made a list of all persons we had outraged and became willing to violently resist them all.
9. Made direct attacks upon such people wherever possible, except when to do so would injure our return from nowhere.
10. Continued to take our pleasure straight and when we were bored promptly admitted it.
11. Sought through play and meditation to improve our conscious contact with chaos *as we understood* it, organizing only for knowledge of our healing and the power to carry that out.
12. Having had a social awakening as the result of these steps, we tried to realize this message as dream come true and to practice these principles in all our affairs.

It's unbelievable how some people squander vandalism.

They saw down signs. Hatchet trees. Even hack apart picnic tables.

While progress is causing entire forests to disappear altogether.

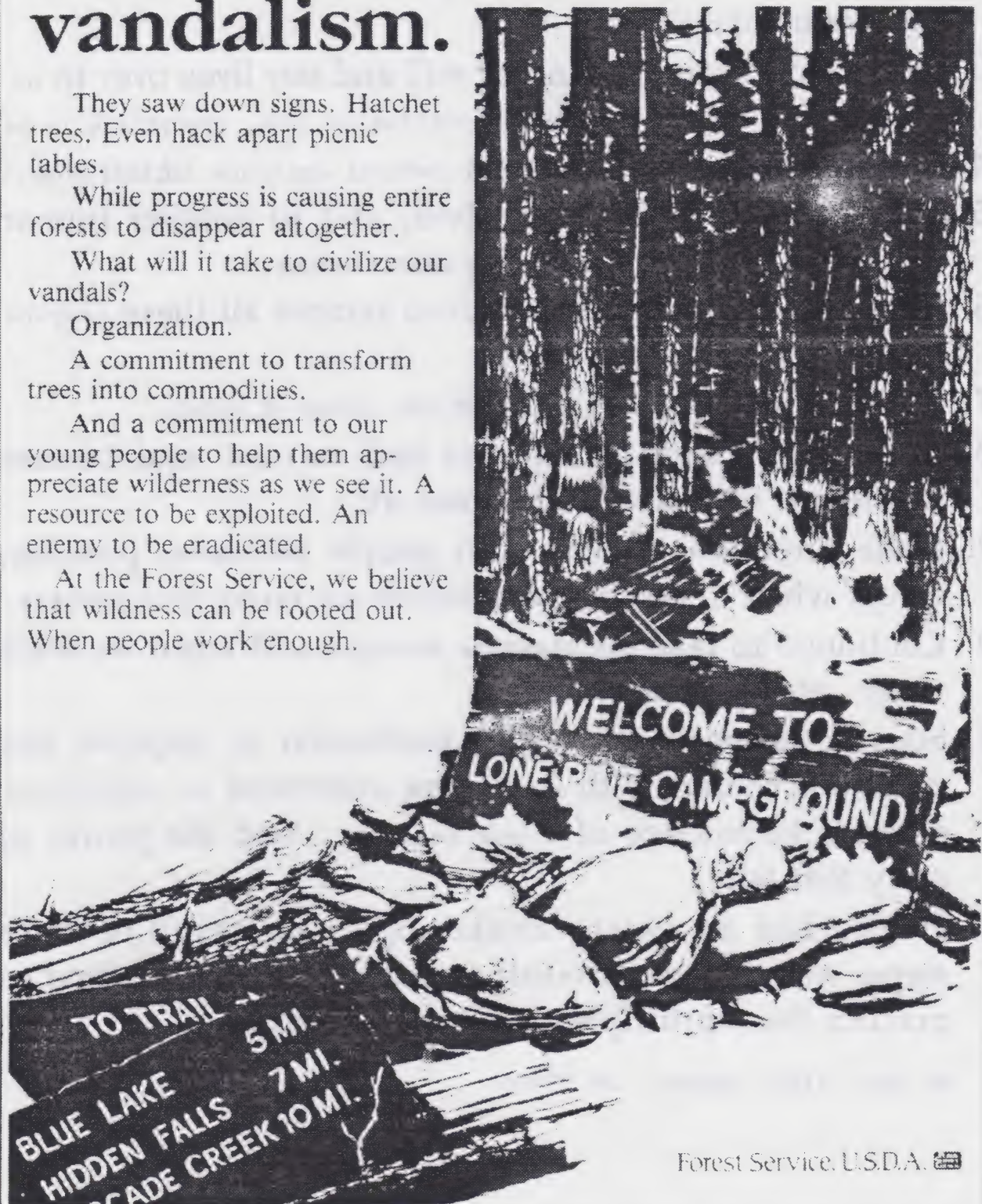
What will it take to civilize our vandals?

Organization.

A commitment to transform trees into commodities.

And a commitment to our young people to help them appreciate wilderness as we see it. A resource to be exploited. An enemy to be eradicated.

At the Forest Service, we believe that wildness can be rooted out. When people work enough.



Forest Service, U.S.D.A. 

New Rage PO Box 11492 Eugene OR 97440

Behind the wall, in the middle of nowhere, the decapitated dead were resting up before giving themselves over to being loaded into the rear of the camouflaged army truck. Two officers stood only steps away, pointing at some of the heads strewn on the ground, and laughing as if each of the heads was a knee-slapping joke. One of the officers kicked two heads together and arranged them with his boot stump to stump. He noticed a young private from the motor pool staring at his Janus-like construction. He crossed to the soldier and barked him to attention.

"What," shouted the officer, "do you see?"

"Nothing, sir," the private replied.

The officer smiled, stepped closer, then placed his small, delicate hands on the broad shoulders of his tall subordinate.

"And what," asked the officer softly, "do you feel?"

The young private stiffened, and said, "Nothing, sir. Nothing."

"Carry on, then."

"Yes, sir."

"And shave before inspection tomorrow morning."

"Yes, sir."

The officer turned on his heel and strode back to his waiting companion, who had skewered all the heads on two long spits, and arranged them to form a cross on the ground. The returning officer paused before the cross, genuflected solemnly, then made the sign of the cross with a flourish. The officers looked at each other. They broke into laughter.

The young private turned away and walked to the motor pool, where he produced an enormous writing pad from an equally enormous leather satchel. He noted:

"Idle on truck. Adjustment. Too fast."

There are certain smells that
scare me .

Like witch hazel & iodine.

I think I must have fallen
When barely eight or nine
And had to have a taste of those,
Or one, on wound & nose.

Otherwise why would I start
And almost gasp for air
Whenever a whiff of either
Cradles an ancient care?

I never fall for now
Whatever I fell for then
And the fear of pain is past
Though I wouldn't consider it
friend.

My nose forgets, in its memory,
That the smell now is all alone.
It has stored for future reference
A dusty child that's gone.

-Helen Chuckrow

Bruce Isaacson

Single In My 30s

Some days I cannot sit alone
at my desk, writing
Is too difficult.

I wander off, to wipe the table top
or fold the laundry
that lies around my room like oatmeal.

Anything to get some relief
from the monologue
of my life talking itself over

and over, like reruns of Bonanza.

My father had three sons:
Little Joe is a policeman in Walnut Creek
Hoss sells real estate in Malibu.

I am Adam, the eldest, dressed in black--
a poet in my teenage 30s
stuck in the backseat of a Chrysler

my mind frozen on a family vacation
like some B movie terror that is
too hideous for the townspeople

to discuss. This is our Ponderosa.

Three single men in their 30s
a coincidence
which the viewers seemed willing to overlook.

Not me. I phone a lover to discuss it
but when I ask How are you?
a long silence takes the line.

She is single. And depressed.
Over something she doesn't know what
but she starts describing how her father died

how he turned crazy at the end, screaming
about how his children
would never be able to clean out his house.

I find myself agreeing with him.

With parents, with children, or with lovers
the failures between us--
these are the places we know each other best.

Are comfortable even. Without them I find
I don't know how to be myself anymore.
And then, too often, I can't help it.

The mirror climbs off the wall
and follows me around the apartment, nagging
in an annoying nasal tone. *Being alone is*

*just a situation, a phase, a rationalization,
like some Ph.D at a big university
gets a grant for a thesis about*

people in their 30s wanting true love. Not me.

To me, breeding is more like a game of tag
and today, I'm It.
Chasing the void around the couch

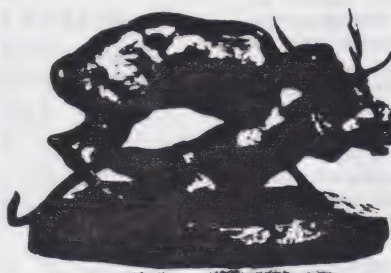
catching it, in a bar

at the end of Adler Alley
at the end of the Beat Era
at the end of a country's pride in itself

an age of self-destruction begins.
Here, the end of my bloodline lives
like a tapeworm. I feed it. With drugs, liquor,

love affairs with barely any people in them

as if love was the shading in a black & white
movie, as if
happiness were something you could look for.



Richard Silberg

Outside Eli's

They've broken into my car
I'm standing around the corner
from Eli's Mile High Club
Night of the blues spangled glass
Claudia's left for Hawaii
(with a good man at last)
who I first saw on Telegraph Avenue
in 1966
looking like Sheena of the Jungle
who I last made love to on my 37th
birthday when I was exactly
half my father's age
Like the blues
like Eli's
Claudia unites the black and the white
in sweetness
and pain
i her son Orlando's golden afro
Long flowering stem
of my seedtime
The sixties are gone
Somewhere
far away
the lion lies down with the lamb
They're fucking
Everything gleams
There's a spangled hole
where my right rear window
used to be

*Lo rivela, 23 anni dopo,
Evgheni Evtushenko*

"La Cia collaborò con il Kgb contro i dissidenti"

MOSCA - La Cia rivelò nel 1966 al Kgb gli pseudonimi dei poeti Yuli Daniel, Andrei Siniavski e di altri dissidenti sovietici con l'intenzione di creare un "caso" che distogliesse l'attenzione internazionale dai bombardamenti nel Vietnam: lo afferma il poeta sovietico Evgheni Evtushenko affermando che questa rivelazione gli venne fatta dal senatore americano Robert Kennedy.

In un articolo pubblicato nell'ultimo numero del settimanale "Ogoniok" il poeta sovietico racconta come il senatore assassinato nel 1968, gli parlò della collaborazione della Cia con il Kgb: i servizi segreti americani fecero conoscere ai sovietici non solo gli pseudonimi usati dai due poeti per pubblicare le loro opere in Occidente, ma anche quelli di Vladimir Bukovski e di Aleksandr Ginzburg.

«Ho parlato a lungo con Robert Kennedy. Durante i colloqui che sono durati molte ore mi ha portato al bagno e, aprendo la doccia per rendere inoperanti eventuali congegni di ascolto, mi ha detto che gli pseudonimi di Daniel e Siniavski erano stati resi noti al Kgb dagli agenti dei servizi segreti americani», scrive Evtushenko. «All'inizio non comprendevo perché, ma Robert Kennedy sorridendo ironicamente disse che era stato fatto per un certo vantaggio propagandistico».

Il senatore americano, secondo quanto scrive Evtushenko, spiegò che le repressioni contro i dissidenti sovietici dovevano servire ad allentare la pressione internazionale sugli Usa per i bombardamenti nel Vietnam.

From 'La Repubblica' , March 9, 1989
(An Italian daily)

Eugheni Evtushenko reveals it,
23 years later

"THE C.I.A. DID COLLABORATE WITH THE
K.G.B. AGAINST THE DISSIDENTS."

MOSCOW - The C.I.A. did reveal in 1966 to the K.G.B. the pseudonyms of the poets Yuli Daniel, Andrei Siniavski and many other soviet dissidents with the purpose to create a "case" that would divert the international attention from the bombing in Vietnam: this is confirmed by the soviet poet Eugheni Evtushenko saying the revelation was made by the american senator Robert Kennedy. In an article published in the last issue of the weekly magazine "Ogoniok", the soviet poet tells how the senator (assassinated in 1968), told him of the collaboration between the C.I.A. and the K.G.B.: the american secret services let to know to the soviets not only the pseudonyms used by the two poets for publish their works in the West, but also those of Vladimir Bukovski and Aleksader Ginzburg. "I spoke for a long time with Robert Kennedy. During the conversations that required many hours he took me to the bathroom and, while turning on the shower to neutralize possible listening devices, he told me that the pseudonyms of Daniel and Siniavski were given to the K.G.B. from the american secret services", writes Evtushenko.

"In the first moment I did not understand why, but Robert Kennedy smiling ironically said it was made for a certain propaganda advantage". The american senator, according to Evtushenko, explained that their repression against the soviet dissidents would be useful to loosen the international pressure on the U.S.A. for the bombing in Vietnam.

Translated by L. Leonardo (W) 5/9/89

Patricia Kelly
4137 75th Street
Elmhurst, NY 11373

Invitation from a Fat Woman

Give yourself to a grand sculpting:
my darkling seashore
threatening briefly
to keep your hands' hot shape.

Feed at the great breast of my body:
this surging queendom
whose cold surface lights
now barely survive
in the blue of my eyes.

Be covered and cradled,
shipwrecked and born again,
to land and lie resting
in the salty shadows
of my slowly shifting dunes.

Then close your quieting eyes.

And feel my waves
breaking their habit of cold
against the sky.

*Winner, 1985 Feminist Writers Guild Woman of Promise
Erotica Contest*

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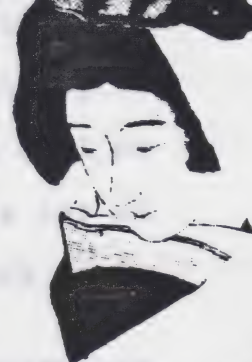
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The Butcher

Sawdust followed the butcher out onto the sidewalk, leaping at his heels with every step. His body sagged with the weight of the four garbage bags he carried and his stained apron resembled a giant red ink blot hanging from his neck.

"How are you Philip?" As he spoke the bristles of his gray mustache moved like a miniature broom.

"Fine," the young trash collector replied as he swung open the cab door of his truck.

"Let me give you a hand with that Carmine."

"Never mind these, there's three more inside."

"That many?"

"Holiday season and all, buisness is up, that means more garbage," Carmine said as he hoisted two of the bags into the back of the truck.

"Ah, before you get them Philip, will you start this thing up please?"

"Sure." And the driver hopped back up to the cab door, leaned in through the window, and started the mechanism that ate garbage. "I'll go and get the others," he said jumping down off the truck. Carmine didn't hear him; the truck growled quite loudly. He threw the third bag in. The machine accepted it gladly, chomping, chewing, and finally swallowing. When Carmine threw the last bag in, the mouth began to overload and the revolving blades chewed but didn't swallow. With every completed revolution some of the debris trickled onto the street.

"Oh come on now, let's not be fussy," Carmine said, as if the thing were a baby purposely dribbling. He hoisted the last bag, placed it on the edge, and forced it in with his foot.

Philip sagged with the weight of the three bags of garbage he carried. Sawdust followed him out onto the sidewalk, leaping at his heels with every step. Outside, Philip noticed the butcher's straw hat lying on the ground along with some of the cartilage and bone the the truck hadn't digested. As he neared the truck, he saw the bloody apron coming around on another revolution.

James Kowalczyk

CALL FOR ENTRIES

ZONE is now seeking for visual artists, writers and poets who wish to show their work via this billboard. You are invited to submit proposals using these guidelines:

SELECTION: Special consideration will be given to those proposals which concern matters of public interest, as well as those which are the result of collaborations among artists of various disciplines.

PROPOSALS: Should in a form of a 4" x 8" sketch indicating colors to be used, design and typography if any, along with your sketch, include a color slide photo of it and two or more slides of your recent work, a resume and a letter of intention. All proposals should be mailed with a self-addressed, stamped envelope to:

ZONE - THE AVE. B - BILLBOARD -

23 Ave. B, N.Y.C. 10009

ZONE presents **THE AVE B-BILLBOARD**. Located on the roof of Gas Station/Space 2B, an alternative exhibition and performance venue located on the northwest corner of Second Street and Avenue B, on Manhattan's Lower East Side. The billboard is on view 24 hours a day.

The ZONE billboard project is now close to one year old and has succeeded in bringing a diversity of visual art to the never-sleeping crossroads of Second Street and Avenue B. From it's rooftop perch the billboard reaches a full spectrum of neighbor-

**FREE
TO
PAY
BY
JULIUS
VALIUNAS**

by JULIUS VALIUNAS

hood residents and visitors; from the M-9 commuters going to work each morning, to the nocturnal clubbists on route to The World each night; from the homeless and addicted who seldom leave the corner, to the young professionals checking out tenement condo schemes. The billboard also has a built in audience at it's feet as Space 2B Gas Station continues to program a full calendar of events including theater, dance, film, music, etc.

Good Morning Mr. Orwell -- Remember That?

When they build new suburbs the roads are in place before they put up any buildings. The buildings go up before there is anyone to live in them. Then they are the only places to live. This is a projection of something fundamental in Psychology. I want to give the word 'Projection' some importance here.

Now I'm not saying the mind is a suburb well yes I am. I'm also saying the individual psyche is shaped by society, but the reverse is also true. It is a mutual infection that propagates itself -- a social contract out of control maybe but whose fault is that?

Or am I saying there is an animal that is not us. We are because we are Egos, but the architecture of Identity constantly needs shoring up. Advertizing is breeding our species for more perfect traits and this is the true New Eugenics.

We breed and we breed. We may be born into it but we live with it. We learn to want it but we want it just the same. If a Lifestyle is a lie one tells oneself and friends is the Political also a disguise for the Status Quo? When the New World comes will we lose our identities as 'Outsiders?'

I'm not going to talk about the grant money that might stop rolling in which is supported by taxation which is supported by consumption which is supported by Oppression as in 'O'. The following is a 'Story of O' because there's something pornographic about it.

I remember New Years Eve, 1984. I don't know why but I was visiting New York. The people that I knew were having a party which consisted of nothing to drink, cold lasagna and watching Times Square on television. The guy who was host didn't want anyone to eat his food, he kept pushing it out of our reach. He was proudly showing everybody his Minature Pocket TV instead.

During that year, there had been a lot of talk about Orwell's exaggerated vision of our time -- how his totalitarian state had never come to be. Now while these people were talking about something else, I was watching an event on television that was 'really happening' a few blocks away. I heard something go Bang! and then I heard a shout, then I heard it again on the set. I received this message of Fun twice.

The next morning there was one of those transworld art broadcasts, live from ten international cities with all kinds of post-modern Artist types like Laurie Anderson, etc. all making statements.

Orwell was right, he just had the face wrong. The TV sets are all there, he had that right, but instead of the face of Big Brother, we have Our Own Face, the Self, commodified and broadcast into every room in the world. It sucks the 'real' right out of every move we make, reducing people to imitators of some new Platonic Ideality. Alcohol and drug abuse may be on the rise for this reason.

Here's the trick, and it's our geniussee, Big Brother is not "Him" or "Them" it's "Us" -- our processed image of ourselves. All the slick photography in all the magazines, the television set, the stereo components that are the tombstones in our eyes. Someone said the world of images is here at last, and its here in a bold new way. This is true. It's hard to keep up with all the trends.

I have a friend who thinks he gets away from all this by not owning a television, or listening to a radio or going to movies or looking at magazines. But he's wrong, you don't need to own it, it is already the decor.

This brings us to the Chicken and Egg Question of Politics in Art, where we often find a division between the so-called Political Practitioners and all Others. Yes some people think this division means something flattering to themselves. Yes, and in France, and now in America too we wear the labels sewn on the outside of our clothes. We flatter ourselves with Ownership (even of Ideas) in this Image Age. I'm talking about Art Affiliation (politics) as subscription (consumerism.)

I am defining the 'Political' (as they might define themselves) as those who directly refer to 'Political Causes' with the purpose of drawing attention to intolerable situations, or to their concern with these situations. They are right in that these causes need our attention. They do not need Separatist Arrogance or Self-Righteous Dogma about what the proper subject of Art is.

Of course, this attitude I'm describing is no less prevalent among the 'Non-Political,' it is only less hypocritical because they are also (generally, often) non-populist.

Self-righteousness is a Major Cause of social problems. Morality is always a form of oppression when it judges. Goodness also oppresses when the greed behind gratuity is not questioned. You might call it awareness when it's really nothing more than vanity. And finger pointing is not morality.

We breed and we breed, we stone the straw dogs and scapegoats, all the Exteriorized Sources of Injustice and Hatredthe Evil Ones. Some say we still do live in mideaval times and that it won't be known for a thousand yearsif there's anyone around to know it.

In the post-modern world, gestures are Important, they are taken for reality, in fact, there may be Nothing but gestures anymore. I am saying we have long wanted this Screen to replace Reality because it is easier to attain, more visible and brings more attention to the Self -- to become part of the spectacle of which politics is a function equal to advertising. Self-Advertising means to become one's own icon and idol -- isn't that everyone's goal after all, and everyone's Death.

Many people these days are only too willing to Live the Lie -- to produce the gesture, to subscribe to the 'Politic', to be willing to accept the praise of those who do the same. On this level politics in art serves no other purpose than sentiment -- it is a gesture toward an idea that it is presupposed the reader should appreciate.

You can say the buzz words -- "Apartheid, Rape, Racism, Terrorism" but what we're really asking for are reasons, solutions, and if you say "This is a product of our capitalist economic system that oppresses for Profit," then we ask why does this exist, and then maybe you say something like "Euro-centrism, Materialism, Catholicism" or something like that, but what are these 'isms' and why are they, and if you keep up the investigation you end up with things like "Fear, Passion, Hate, Greed," or ...in one word, you end up at the 'Self.' Pretty scary isn't it?

This is why I contend that 'The Political' is usually the least political of all and rank it with "The Sentimental." Its practitioners have bought the language of 'Gesture as Meaning', the Life of the Mask -- they are The Television News and they are also the Angels of Emptiness.

And we are Victims of our Society, but there is more, there is the Personal Tragedy of Reaction -- the How and Why of individual action or non-action. What we think and do has a manic genealogy, often predictable, often bizarre. The psycho-sexual energies of Ego, the desire for revenge (against family, culture, against all the injustices perpetrated on the young Self) this infra-structure is in place long before one arrives at social consciousness.

Any political spokesperson who has not come to terms with their true motivations, no matter what their 'message' or 'action' is really only strengthening the structure of Gratification and Consumption which is the motor of our Culture.

You have to ask yourself -- Do your political systems require a faith in the Innate Nobility of Human Nature. Do you even have faith in yourself to ask yourself?

A lot of people tend to think pretty highly of themselves, tend to think they are the ones who should define things. For them the problem is the nebulous 'THEY.' For some the problem is 'WE' 'US' or 'ME'. The web of Self expanding to instruct the larger

group, its faults finding their way into the social structure, which in turn is made up of Individuals just like us and ...not like us.

These things can be political: pornography, romance, religion, architecture, nature, obsession, non-sense, things, the arrangement of objects on a kitchen table, any sort of sequence at all -- it's the interpretation, the act of going somewhere or standing still.

Hysteria and anxiety can be political. A style can be political, clothes, fashion. On second thought, replace the words 'can be' with 'are' above. Some of the most esoteric movements have their political facets; language poetry has a Marxist background, Writing Degree Zero is a political move, but so is Vernacular. Surrealism was very political. Abstract Expressionism and Dada. Yet some 'political' people would deny the politics of these styles.

Aesthetics has always been a political battlefield because values are, economics is, all is class-bound. No class sees more or is less deluded. Psychology and sociology intertwine. We are presented with things and we are looking for things and hopefully they will not be the same things. Observation takes place on all levels. What, how and why we observe is a statement in itself.

I'm not trying to make the case 'Everything is Political Art.' I'm saying the examination of this Wierd Human Condition does not begin and end with blanket statements about Big Questions. Nothing is simple. We are not only being sold to we are selling, we are asked to buy and we are buying, we are not only being asked to behave we are behaving. Yes, we are thinking whether we want to or not, and there is more than a little responsibility to that.

Help yourself; a bottle of beer, a spoon full of dope, a career or non-career, the proverbial good book, turn on your stereo or write a poem about it and there you are square in the middle. Me? Why do I do it? Why do I accept or regret it? Why don't I kill myself or you? I can rationalize this or I can refuse: to buy, to behave, to think or to write. But refusal is behavior, we are being swallowed just the same. We cannot not do anything, not really. Not that there's really nothing we can do either.

Stop the commodification of violence which breeds violence and you stop free speech, which is the expression of the Individual which is the important locus of our society. If someone tries to stop it, morality stops them.

Then maybe you say -- what about Violence in the form of Terrorism in the Personal Realm. Good idea. But maybe you're already involved in that and you don't know it. It's like gossip, it's not an attack, it's a defense. Things get twisted and no longer mean what they seem to. It's no good if it's a spectacle you make of yourself because you're afraid.

The only real politics today is the subversion of the process of this spectacle, and the only real subversives are working in precisely that psycho-social world where passion is also reason and the body is a form of thought and there is no nobility anymore. They're talking about behavior as a relativistic phenomenon, and morality, basically as a lie which controls us in a world where we must change to survive but change with the fever and speed of electricity.

There are many Political Persona in McLuhans pacified Global Village and many of these people are really just dupes. The fact that this is being sold at all is the scary thing because the presentation of the Political today is actually its opposite, its diffusion. Yes, The Revolution Is Televised -- it keeps people passive, it lets us know Everything Is As It Should Be -- that someone cares and that there's something to care about. We can say -- We Believe.

But look into our eyes sometime, and see the emptiness. There is something frightening about a Politics like this.

Yes, good old Big Brother is back and frankly, I'm not that happy about it.

Di takes Manhattan: The fashion countdown

FEBRUARY 20, 1989 \$1.79

People

weekly



**DON'T
WORRY,
THEY'RE
HAPPY**

Back in the embrace of their Hollywood pals, Citizen Ron and Nancy start living it up—with megabuck offers, high-powered parties and a gorgeous new home in Bel Air. No wonder they're content to let George do it.



It's discernable. Everything is unraveling. The expulsions are involuntary and the expeditions are marked for extinction. The dialect and the accent don't give a fuck about the drawl. And in the blasphemy of the defamation, my larceny is plundering the booty which is manufactured to be auctioned and bartered. My inventory is a cheap commodity. How do you vulgarize a galvanized baptismal ritual? The indoctrination I induct to the obscenity of my obese gluttony is swallowing the swill that I picked from a mountainous pile of bilge. I entreat you, don't dish out a rash gust of acrimony. Incorrigable is my misunderstood incongruity. Anamolously estranged is the edification of my froward and wanton deviants, rascals and bandits. What you abominate, I resent. What you detest, I enervate. Your profligacy is the animosity that irks the kinks out of my instability and capsizing balance. Subterraneously dutious, I sink to the nadir of your sediment in the hemisphere that supplants the stratosphere of the atmospheric hostility my referendum weeps over. A leak in my sockets spits out my retinas. I'm a focusing missionary. Hasten the remunerations and my brusque intimidations will hurl the dynamite that my diffusion has in stock in a loaded store. Where is the emancipation of my adored bias? It deserted practice and is reconnoitering for a resonant tonality by which to sanitize my larynx.

3/16/89
Orion Feig

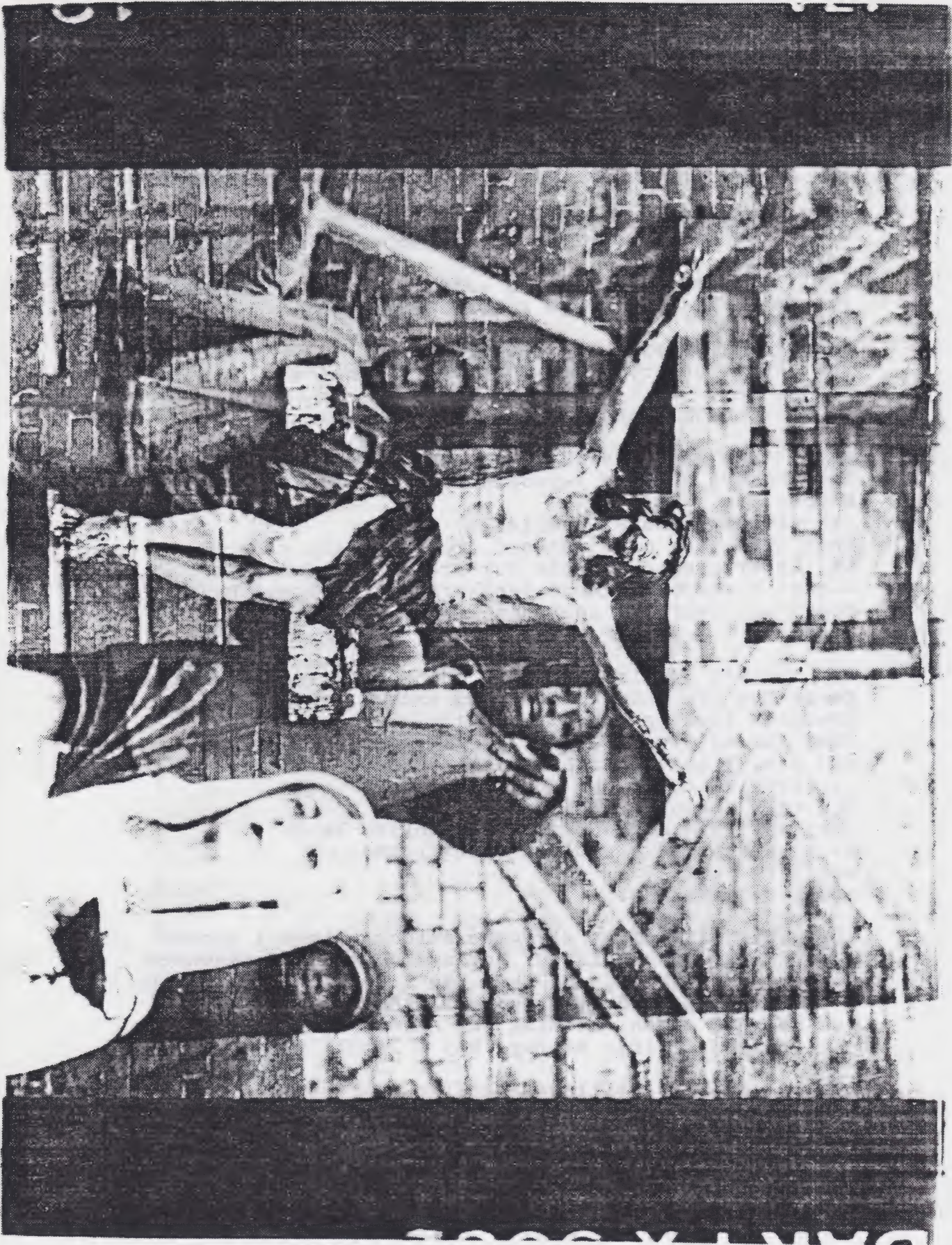
through the tall arched windows
beyond the fire-escape
and to the left of the wall
magnolia buds are still wrapped tightly
it is April and the sun not quite right

just beyond the iron fence
above the mosaic walk
tilted
dizzying
the fire-escape criss-crossy with the breeze
the white bark of birch
the deep bark of a dog

branches cross the courtyard
heavy like my mood
before magnolias
before you said
it's either bridget bardot or me
you won't settle for less

4/3/89
St. Mark's Church

Margueritte



THE CLOWN'S LAST CALL

that sun is at its noon-day pitch and here ahm
walkin on the road of rocks, remembering what it was
he'd said....

"only the happy fucker can afford to play with death.
people will tell you ya gotta die --don't
believe it,
people are always unreliable."
tha happy fucker, yeah, that's me --that's
what i said
then set sail with eyes for the beast.

and it's a good feeling that comes from watching
your heroes survive --people tell you to let your
heroes die.

(people are always unreliable)
when the great ones rot and drop from the vine
we lesser ones celebrate our preference for myth
--cast a furtive glance backward and whisper the
coast is clear the coast is
clear...

but there's no time for that now --must keep walking
these few remaining miles. and each moment is a
precious ticking (what?) heartbeat.
time ran out wanders lost in the rain.
and yes, i can see those buzzards flying above now
...circling north and south and mine
the only shadow on the road.
they wait and somewhere the gargoyles laugh
as i weaken and stumble to the ground.
won't be long
won't be long now.

the simplicity of my struggle seldom allows i wonder
--so i sit, on a quilt of hay and dog-weed, somewhere
in the shade shade, and hear the locust weave a canopy
of sound suspended over these fields.
you may see a man dreaming but MY only intention is
to keep those birds at bay, buy a little more time.

and out of this stillness shuffle all the trials
and tribulations of the past, distilled now and see
me grin.

a murder of crows circles down, the storm is a-rollin
down on me --yeah, won't be long, won't be long now.
and still i can hear what he said that day
..."only the happy fucker can afford to play with
death."
and now as i sit, can't run no mo,
my wealth of melancholy makes itself know to me.

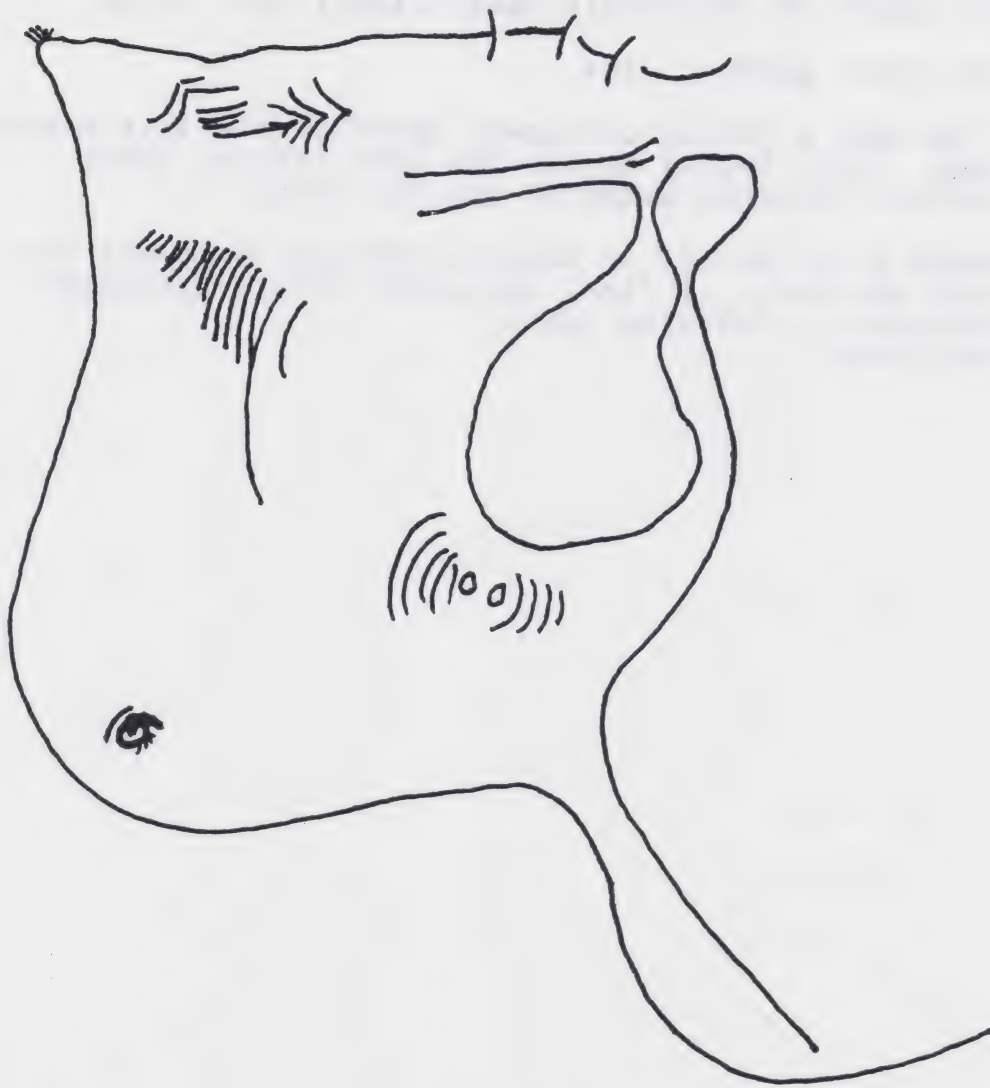
not every gambler wins.

i've seen a string of clowns shuffle from this mortal
coil. their legacy haunts the land lurking there
"like a thousand miles of twisted steel."

maybe it IS better to believe that life does not die
with the body...a final one-liner before the hammer
descends...."closing time,
gentlemen."

ODE

To

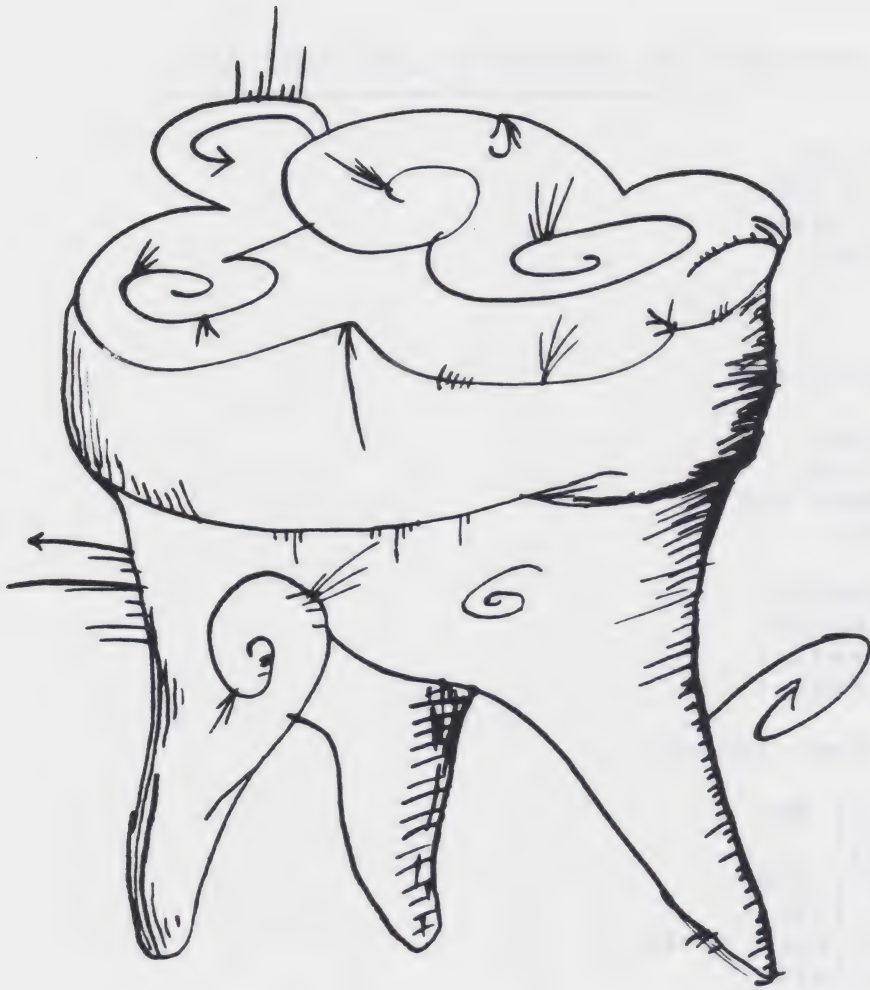


Dali



- JET SCREAMER -
'89

... Love Tooth ...



"Lost my Love Tooth", she said.

"It's odd but true, I don't need you anymore"

"Is it the size of my wrists, the shape of my head?!"
"I'll change all that, things will be different, you'll see!"

"It's no use, it can never be", she shook her head, melancholy.
"Lost my Love Tooth."

* TAKE A HYPOTHETICAL SITUATION LIKE THAT AND....

Pick up your pen
Put down your book
Perk up your brow
And take a look

I am a doo
I am a cat
Used to be thin and
Now I'm fat
Used to be fast
Now I take long
Used to be weak but
Now I'm strong

It's a Hypothesis!
It's a Hypothesis!
It's a Hypothesis!
It's a Hypothesis!

Synchronize your energy...

There was this doo
Now it's a cat
There was this bump
but now it's flat
I try to make some sense
but it's too hard
to fix a light bulb
with just broken shards

Tried to become what I am not
I tried to lose all that I've got
I tried to learn Improbabilities
I tried to sanctify stupidity

Did the wind sing with me?
Did the light shine on me?
Did the wind sing with me?
Did the light shine on me

Synchronize your energy....
Synchronize your energies....

It's a Hypothesis!
It's a Hypothesis!
It's a Hypothesis!
It's a Hypothesis!

I'll be an ideal that is rich \$\$\$\$\$\$
I'll be a Salem stake-burned Witch
I'll be an unhealed Knife wound stitch

I'll be a big black ugly bitch

I'll say your right
even though you are wrong
I'll be a wimp
even though I am strong

You were the hammer that cracked
off my head
I was the fly trapped in your
spider's web

I could be hell to have around
I could be painful deafening sound
I could be helpful with my keen insight
Instead you choose me to be blinding light

I end this Romance
Unforgettable
To let you chase the
Hypothetical

So

Will the Wind Sing with me?
Will the Light Shine on me?
Do the Wind Songs agree?
Will the Light Shine on me?
(It's a Hypothesis!)

Do the Wind Songs agree?
(It's a Hypothesis!)

Will the Light Shine on me?
(It's a Hypothesis!)

Do the Wind Songs agree?
(It's a Hypothesis!)

Will the Light Shine on me?
Will the Light Shine on me?

- - F i n n e d a n

* For Steve Ashkinazy
and Joyce Hunter

Blood and Stitches! er-I
mean Love and Kisses

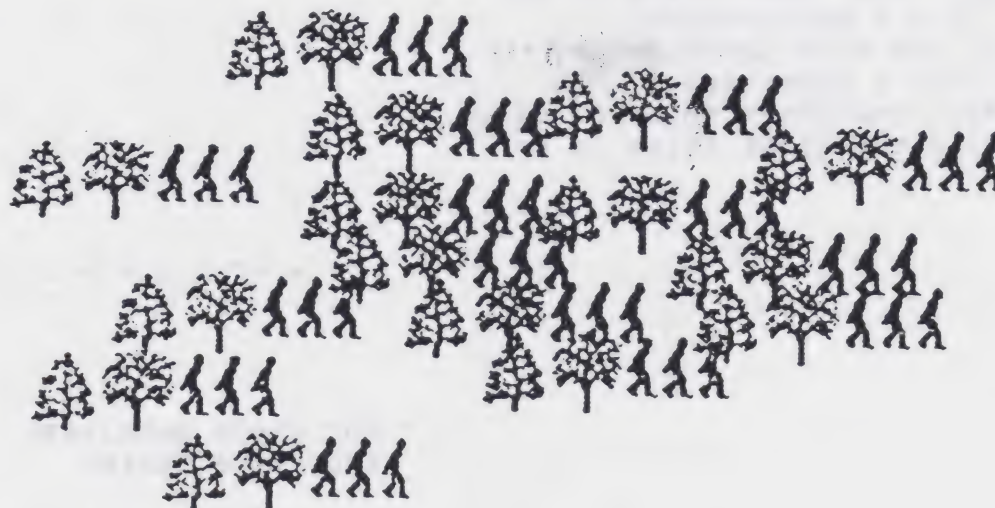
YELLOW GIRL TRILOGY

1.

I'M JUST A YELLOW GIRL
LOSING WITH THE DRIZZLE IN CENTRAL PARK
MY PIGMENTATION



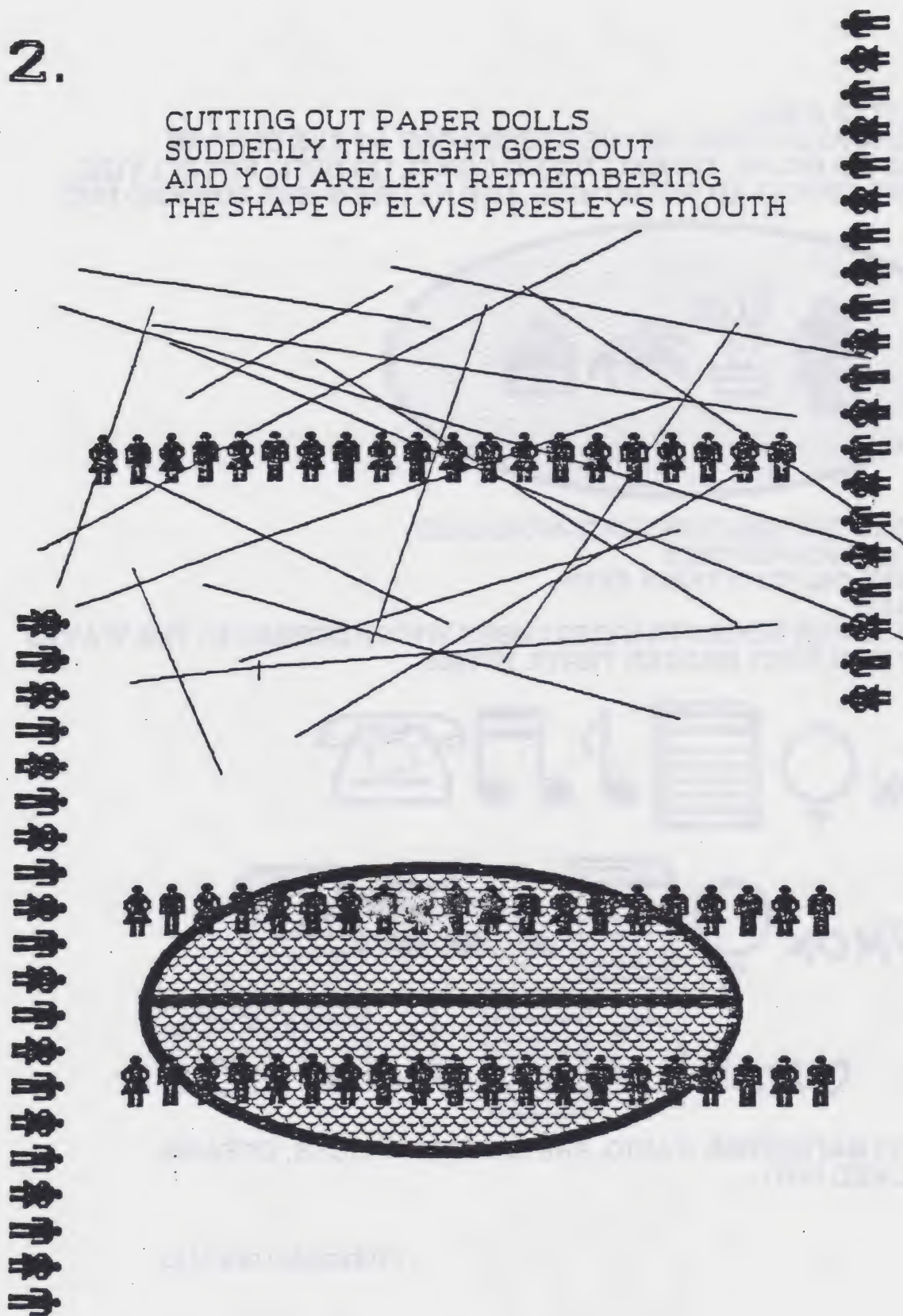
I HEAR BLASTS OF TRUMPETS
AND I HEAR THE CRUNCH OF MEN
RUMMAGING THROUGH THE BRANCHES



I'M JUST A YELLOW GIRL
LOSING WITH THE DRIZZLE IN CENTRAL PARK
MY PIGMENTATION

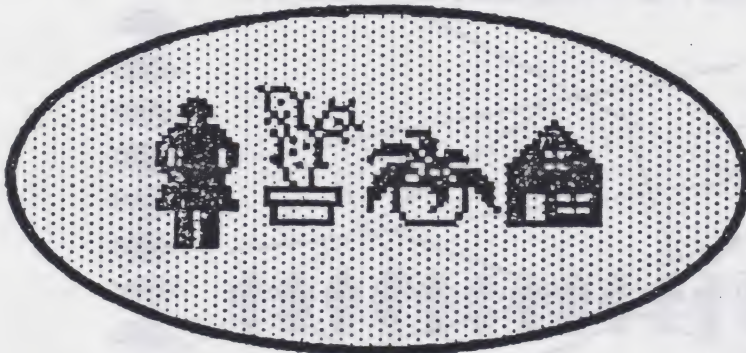
2.

CUTTING OUT PAPER DOLLS
SUDDENLY THE LIGHT GOES OUT
AND YOU ARE LEFT REMEMBERING
THE SHAPE OF ELVIS PRESLEY'S MOUTH



3.

HER HOUSE
CANARY BATTLE FIELD
MY HOUSE SHE ANSWERED, IS THE STUCCO ONE AT THE CORNER
BUT SHE HAS NO HOUSE, NO BALLROOM GOWN, NO DESK, SHE IS LYING
AND THEN SHE CHUCKLED SOMETHING AND HE DREW HER TOWARD HIM



THE NEXT DAY THE SHADOWS DISSAPPEARED
EVERYTHING WAS PERFECT
THEY RUBBED OIL INTO THEIR SKIN
AT THE BEACH
KIDS FLOATED FOR HOURS IN INNERTUBES WHICH BOBBED IN THE WAVES
HER HEART HAD BEEN BROKEN THREE TIMES



SHE
LIKED TRANSISTOR RADIO, SHE LIKED LIPSTICKS, OCEANS,
SHE LIKED HIM

richard r armijo

A cabbie's ode for the road

By JOEL SIEGEL

Daily News Staff Writer

A ride with cabbie Tony Manta is not measured in miles. It is measured in poems.

Going across town? That is a one-poem trip. To the airport? Expect a six-sonnet serenade.

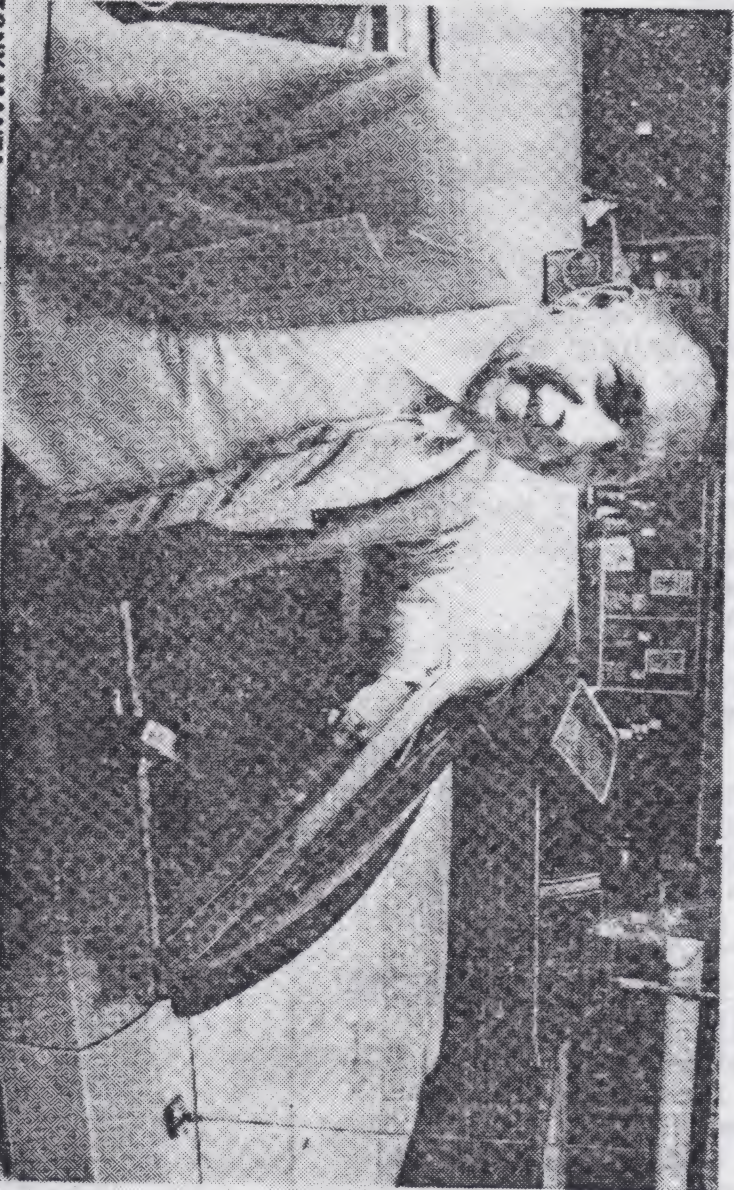
Manta, 71, has been entertaining passengers with poetry in motion since 1975.

He was recognized for his effort yesterday with the second Taxi Driver Award of the Taxi and Limousine Commission.

Appropriately, Manta accepted the honor by reading three poems, including a greeting he recites to every rider who climbs into his backseat.

"Traffic, traffic everywhere, it seems more than I can bear. But with all the traffic that I can't stand, I'm grateful that I have another fare...."

Manta is not sure why he does it. "It is an inner feeling, I guess," he said.



TONY MANTA outside his cab, where he recites original poetry to passengers.

BILL TURNER/DAILY NEWS

He believes nearly every rider is appreciative.

"They love it," he said. "They don't expect it. Most drivers are a lot different." The Coleridge of cabbidom

began crafting verses during World War II while he was in the service, writing to his sweetheart.

"It came down from heaven above," Manta said. "It start-

ed to flow and arrange itself in rhyme. My girlfriend couldn't imagine where it was coming from. She thought it was from a book. Up to this day it still is a mys-

tery. It just keeps flowing." Manta, who lives in Flushing, Queens, started driving a cab in 1967. It was a second job to make ends meet.

He switched to full-time day driving when he retired from the old Bohack's supermarket chain in 1973.

Two years later Manta's rolling poetry readings began.

His repertoire includes everything from "Crack," an angry poem on the drug scourge, to "Time," an uplifting sonnet for elderly riders, to "The Legend Lives On," an ode to Jack Dempsey on the prizefighter's 86th birthday.

His poetry helps explain why:

"Some tip less and some tip more.

This doesn't make my job a bore.

I like all people to ride in my cab,

and pay no mind to those that crab.

Even though it may seem gritty,

I love this place called New York City."

I Saw You

Out the door and into the rain
Your neighbor left here in a flash
The black smoky trees remain
And an uncertain amount of cash
You didn't give the police, the maid
or the whore their due
Maybe you didn't see me, but I saw you

Your father worked for the railroad
All he ever saved was the grief
And anytime he dropped his load
He left your family praying for relief
How can beggars be choosers when
the numbers are always so few?
You probably didn't see me, but I saw you

With your good luck tooth of Judas
And the tears of seven saints' sorrow
The only thing that came between us
Was the prospect of tomorrow
What you followed that day in the rain
Just couldn't be true
I don't think you saw me, but I saw you

Well, what do you want me for
An opportunity to be seen
With a fallen patron of the poor
What does that smile mean?
I didn't hear what you said
Maybe you missed your cue
You had your chance to be seen 'cuz I saw you

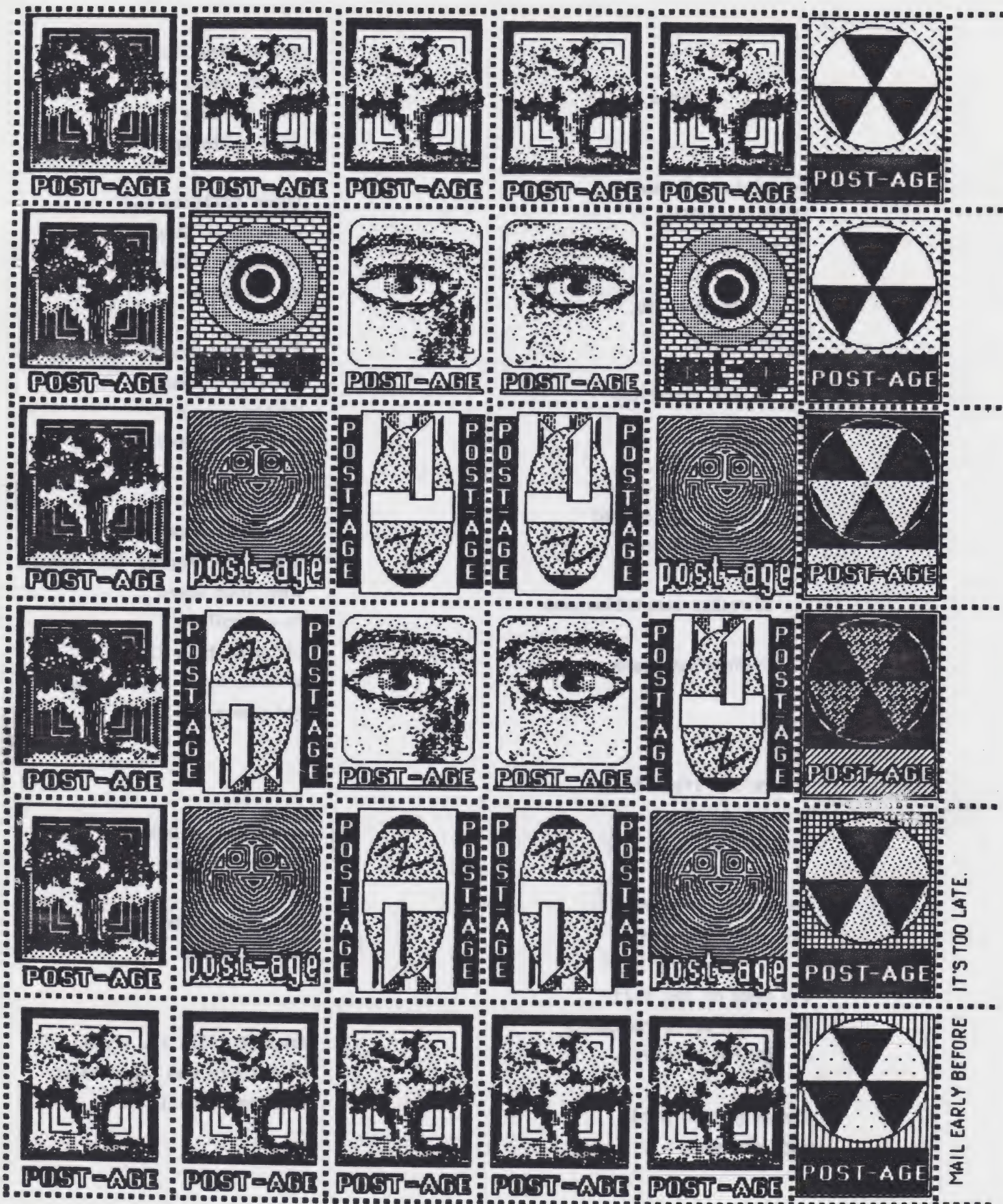
I shot an arrow in the air
It still hasn't come back yet
Like that girl who quit in protest
When all her demands were met
She said she didn't get it, she gave it
And all I said was 'voulez-vous?'
Take a good look at yourself, 'cuz I saw you

When the money finally came
You went to be all alone
You had that guilty look
After you hung up the phone
I know you saw me, I was talking
on the six o'clock news
But you still had to turn your head
When I saw you

It's still raining in the trees
Too much has just been said
I'll have to stop singing
You're ^{not} so easily lead
Close the cabin door
Forget all that, enjoy the view
Someday I might lose my sight, but I saw you

neighbor is

- Bob Brian © 1986



MAIL EARLY BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE.

husks

my daughter dreamt
of the rounding
of the earth

...of the beveling
of mountains

... of the smoothing
of seas

my daughter envisioned
elliptical horizons

... circular constellations

... cylindrical seasons

(there's a likelihood
brewing in the
melting pot

there's a scarecrow
asleep in the yard)

the eyes of the well
shorn are woven reminders
of nothing to say...

the only true words
were decoys

the wooden lips of
canada geese
slur silence
into splinters

venom collects and
returns on itself
as an antidote
or a vaccine

electrical storms appear,
somehow reflecting in the
burlap eyes of
nebraska scarecrows

lightning and the
scent of ozone
transform magpies into ravens,
then into doves
in an endless
circular time line
of awareness, foreboding
and peace

the finest nightmares
become monotone

the gravest smiles
are a grimace

sawdust fills the shoes
of fathers who stand watch
over new-mown lawns

... fathers who had nothing
up their sleeves
but straw ...

... nothing in their veins
but motor oil and old rags
of vitalis

the water is clearing

the razor is rusting
i cut myself with
while shaving -

shaving away the
last thin vestiges
of the bandages
dad wore to work
each day -

the bandages he covered
his balls with -

the bandages
he watched me
stammer through

maybe the dressings need changing

the ears of corn
will wrap my wounds
in layers of
shuck and silk

bandages
for the growing

bandages
for the grown

pale white kernels
in burlap eyes
leaking sawdust
into the furrows

filling in
the crevices

smoothing out
rough edges

my daughter dreamt
of the rounding
of the earth

... of the beveling
of mountains

... of the soothing
of seas.

daren robert gray
April 7, 1989

WELCOME TO THE PLEASURE PALACE Part IV

Welcome to the pleasure palace where anything is possible . . .
like sliding on your back down the side of a mountain while pursued
by an avalanche growing with momentum . . . the snow-ball effect . . .
it does not catch-up---(not at this moment), but lets on to believe so
the fear lingers longer . . . maybe I'll get away . . . maybe I'll
get away . . . denial ends as failure . . . admit the Truth and accept
true fate/faith, because it will over-take---What will? so it will, and
be ever-ready to open wide flesh arms and caress white light in a
crystalline world under newly packed powder in a capsule easy road
seeking camp mid-night sky. Bubble dome carved in ceiling gives an eye
to the moon. "She drove a pick-up truck, painted green and blue" spins
out redemption like the worn thin tires that chugged a mile or two . . .
up dirt mountain road . . . we elevate to the clouds in body and spirit,
only to tumble in skeletal ravines . . . found later in a ditch at
roots of a tree . . . it's apples have vanished . . . winked in a wisp
like a breath just as silence. Either the ghost is on vacation or his/
her/it's presence can't be felt. Man-over-board!!! taken by the sharks,
raised by the wolves, grows to be king. The ring-leader throws the two
clowns over a palace railing as revenge for the swiping of his royal
shoe. The left one. Fortunately the clowns are durable (it is about a
ten foot drop) and recover fast enough to be doubled-up in side-
splitting fitful laughter . . . they feign innocence . . . such great
pretenders. Sunday morning T.V. blares the gospel. Moe snaps the reins
on the horse-drawn fire-truck, being flanked left and right by Curly
and Larry . . . a mad dash ensues out the fire-house to the street.
In their haste they don't realize that it is actually the fire-house
itself that is a blaze . . . We can save the world if we just think
about it . . . everyone . . . all at once . . . total inclusion . . .
bingo . . . enlightenment. The lady of the house is missing and no
guests have shown-up . . . WHERE IS EVERYONE ? IS ANYONE HOME ? Home
home . . . echos and ricochets around hallowed walls. AT THIS TIME
THINGS ARE USUALLY JUMPING . . . and . . . as magic words that unlock
a secret, the palace is filled with the usual array . . . monkeys and
junkies addicted to life and the list could go on but in the center
of it all is the lady of the house, blood from her nose, spite on her
lips, she enacts a sequence, a string of events that lead to a
murder, she stumbled on the corpse but didn't see a thing, she's
lucky she got away . . . in the nick of time and (Oh) . . . how the
guests are enraptured. The ring-leader and two clowns . . . they've
heard it all before . . . same old shtick . . . though she is quite
a show-gal . . . always and encore . . . Clappity Clap clap.....
time-lapse unconscience . . . hours have diminished and the meaning
is gone . . . Did someone say "goodbye". Suffering stains seared skin
stretched tight to sorry skulls . . . woe desends with lids enables
the scene to go on . . . in distant corners. The children such children
frolic weakly with smiles . . . some with-out . . . and badge sorrow . . .
mask pain . . . starving yes . . . from the lack of. "I'll buy, you
fly", a decision from the lips of the ring-leader evokes the two
clowns from slumber to a trip . . . off with the cash . . . return with
the goods . . . bags loaded-up with fuel for NOW . . . is the feast.

Steven Dominic Prestianni

*In memory of
Jim Morrison*

SO BRILLIANT

SO BEAUTIFUL

THE SHINE OF THE UNIVERSE

ENTWINED ROUND YOUR THOUGHTS

YOU WERE A CURLED POEMED HEART

DARK INVISIBLE INCINDIARIES MY EYES FLUNG OUT

LITTLE SCORPIONS OF BLACK FIRE

CRAWLING & CURLING AROUND YOUR THIGHS &

HIPS THAT MOUTH YOUR FACE

AND THEY MOANED IN YOUR LONG DARK HAIR.

I WALKED THRU WALLS & DOORS & SAW YOU IN HELL & HEAVEN

I PANTED LIKE A DRAGON IN SILENCE

I WATCHED AS THE GODS GREW JEALOUS

VENOMOUS DEEDS THEY MUSTER

TO RECAPTURE IN VAIN

THEIR DYING & DIMMING SUN

AND THEY DID YOU IN THEY DID

AND DONE YOU DOWN

AND THE EARTH POOR DYING CREATURE

THE EARTH IS COLDER WITHOUT YOUR FIRE

COLDER

colder without your fire

fire

Poem To Freedom

Oh, what an elusive word
you have it
and then, a roach
It's skinnying into
a small hole
In the kitchen peg board

Oh, what a good word
It's meant a lot
and done a lot
and in the wow, now?

the doorman at the chic club
looks if the suit shines
If it shines
he can say
your suit shines
you must stay away

the blood
is on the youngster's
head
dead
to protect
that nerd's
right to exclude

we need to know it better

Freedom is a catch word
and I want to catch it

Whose freedom
Freedom for whom

Does a group of working people
have the freedom to form together
and demand their share

no, they're ruining America

they should show some restraint

But wait, isn't restraint a dirty word

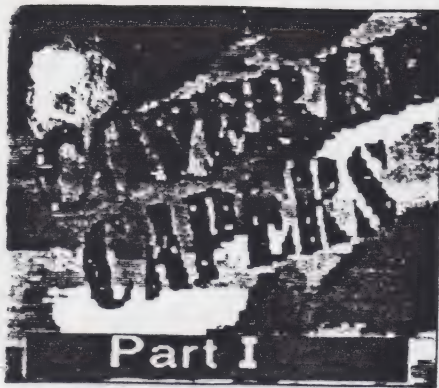
restrain the businessman
and you restrain his freedom
to restrain the working man

we wouldn't want that

Freedom
what a dead word
unless it means
freedom for all.



Mike Tyler



THE TRUTH BEHIND THE IRAN-CONTRA AFFAIR

The Iran-Contra hearings were convened in May 1987 by a special joint committee of the U.S. Congress. The hearings went on for thirteen weeks on national television with over thirty people testifying and the committee issuing a 700 page report on its findings. When the hearings were over, the truth was still not uncovered, or rather, it was even more covered by a whitewash promulgated by the official investigators and the establishment media which have conspired to keep the real truth from the American people.



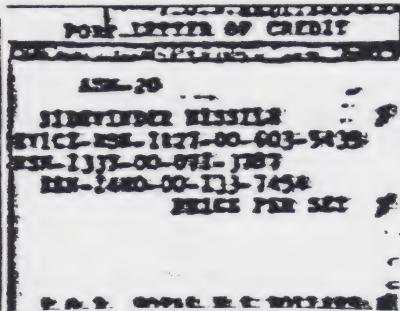
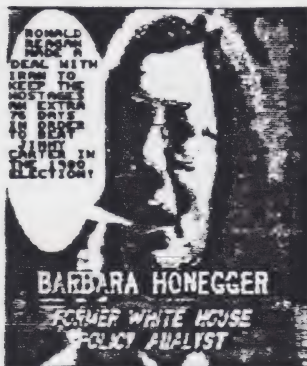
The story begins...

during the 1980 Presidential Campaign, where a major issue involved the release of the 52 hostages that were taken some fourteen months earlier by the Khomeini regime. The Reagan forces were afraid that Jimmy Carter would successfully bring the hostages home, what was called the "October surprise," and thereby win the election. A plan was worked out to make a deal with the new Iranian government which involved a multimillion dollar payoff and the promise of future arms sales to Iran.

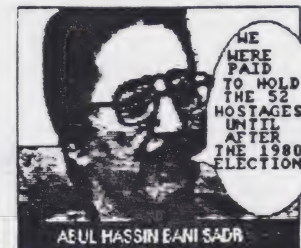
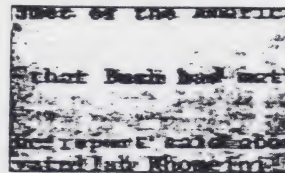


FREE FOR ALL

Barbara Honegger was a dedicated member of the Reagan-Bush campaign in 1980. She worked on the special writing and policy staff, and later as a White House Policy Analyst. After becoming aware of the "dirty tricks," major deceptions and corruption in the Reagan camp, she left and has since worked as an investigator to expose what she now feels is a great danger to our democratic and constitutional system of government, namely the buildup of a national security state run by a small group of men, who while profiteering through the sales of arms and drugs, would subvert our freedom and the freedom of other nations in the name of what they believe is security.



As evidence of the deal Bani Sadr has made documents available showing written orders for the shipment of American parts and weapons as early as March of 1981, contrary to the White house claim of 1985.



Abul Hassin Bani Sadr, who was President of Iran during the hostage crisis, was later ousted in a coup, and is now living in exile in Paris, has confirmed that the Paris meeting took place and supports the charges that a deal was made with the Reagan-Bush campaign to delay the hostages release and also states specifically that George Bush was identified as being at the meeting along with Moniker Gorbhanifar and Albert Hakim, who later emerged as key middlemen in the Iran-Contra scandal.

"There were two meetings that we know of for certain to date that happened, one in Washington D.C. and one in Paris, France before the 1980 election, in October of 1980, where George Bush, Richard Allen and Donald Gregg, passed millions of dollars to the Iranians to delay the release of our 52 hostages an additional 76 days. They met with an emissary of the Khomeini regime who offered a deal they thought Reagan and Bush could not refuse, and that was, we will delay the release of the 52 hostages if you will promise us all the arms that we could possibly want in the war against Iraq once you become President of the United States."

— Barbara Honegger

"What you saw in the Iran Contra Hearings was the exposure of the beginnings of a National Security State which believes it has the right to override the Constitution of the United States in the name of security."

— Ambassador Robert White (El Salvador 1978-1980)

"Our Government has a firm policy not to capitulate to terrorist demands. That no concessions policy remains in force in spite of the wildly speculative and false stories about arms for hostages and alleged ransom payments. We did not, repeat, did not, trade weapons, or anything else, for hostages, nor will we."

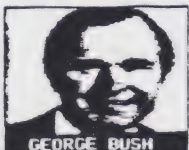
— Ronald Reagan on November 13, 1986

GET IT WHILE YOU CAN!



JIMMY CARTER

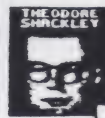
The hostages were released on January 21st, 1981, the day of Ronald Reagan's inauguration.



GEORGE BUSH



RICHARD ALLEN



THEODORE SHACKLEY



THOMAS CLINE



OLIVER NORTH



ADOLFO CALERO



JOHN HULL



DONALD GREGG



MONIKER GORBHANIFAR



GENERAL JOHN SINGLAUB



ALBERT HAKIM



RAFAEL QUINTERO



ROBERT OME



ROBERT OME

THINK AN INVESTMENT IN PEOPLE IS WORTH YOUR COMMUNICATIONS

IF YOU FEEL THIS IS IMPORTANT, COPY AND DISTRIBUTE IT ANY WAY YOU CAN. IT CAN SPREAD VERY QUICKLY IF WE BACK TO OUR LITTLE BIT.

The men whose pictures appear above, have for various reasons, whether they were politically motivated or simply out to make a buck, subverted the constitution and our freedom by placing their ambitions and actions above our laws and then lying to us about what they did. If this indeed is how our government operates now, it is no better than any of the other Empires that have soiled the face of the earth and may well perish as the others. Freedom cannot exist without truth.

Watch for Part II: Contras, Drugs & Terrorism

CORPORATE ALISTATE NEWS PLEASE FEEL FREE TO COPY AND DISTRIBUTE

Untitled

We gripped each other
last night.
I choked beneath the
layers of skin that welcomed me;
Like a ghetto child
reaching out to a clean surface.
I remained silent after.
She said, "I love you."
I said, "Where is the VCR?"

Leave Me Alone

Rosie, where are you?
What have you done?
It's been years since I've seen you;
I thought you won.

No, I've lost,
I have no home,
my chastity belt
has been broken.
I am a whore.
Why should I cry?
I'll never die.

If I had one wish,
it would be to have your love.

Go! have a future.
I'm dead.
In dread.
I need a bed.
Goodbye.
Oh, by the way, could you spare two dollars?

Karl Lorenzen
160 Beach 116 St #24
Rockaway Pk NY 11694

SAUSAGE

everyone's waiting on the platform for their sausage
no one knows what it will look like
but they know it will come on a bun
adults lean over the edge of the platform
bobbing their heads back and forth
squinting pronouncing the word sausage silently
silent lest we frighten it
children blow their toy guns into the dark tunnel
arguing what it will look like
will it come in a red tube casing?
will it be grey with fat and gristle?
will it be a chain link of little sausages or one big one?
children blow their toy guns at each other
and play dead all over the platform
adults are annoyed at having to step around
the dead bodies of their children and not pronounce sausage
they've been waiting for years
no sound from the platform but the elders
digging along cracks in the cement with their forks
then someone smells something it's a meaty smell
a sweet smell a fatty comingatus smell
everyone rushes to the edge of the platform
jumping over each other for a glimpse of sausage
the smell is getting stronger now
a breeze from the tunnel brings it to us yes it's coming
it's a bun
a fresh baked poppy seed split in the middle
passes slowly before their eyes
no sausage riding in there they watch
the bun disappear into the other end of the tunnel
that means it's coming say the adults
the bun foretold the sausage
it's coming! they shout in the elder's ears
it's coming! they shout in the children's ears
who are still stubbornly dead



Here at night my nuclear generation noemics
kneel down to a ripe pair of jeans.
Trying to relate
ontogeny recapitulating phylogeny
to biology--
and Manhattan and the slam of
the pile driver
at the base of the World Trade Center
as a lover in the dead pigeon
under the number two tower
flying into the reflected sky.

The figures feeding
this great city's sensory sphere
are existential.
Under winter sun lighting missile-like icicles
I ride some impossible perspective--
cool blue sky among silent commuters of people
on the Staten Island Ferry/the Statue of Liberty.
I imagine a self-luminous orange sun
streaking down--us being fused--
and you saying:
"In a million years even cars will become trees."

George Washington Schupp

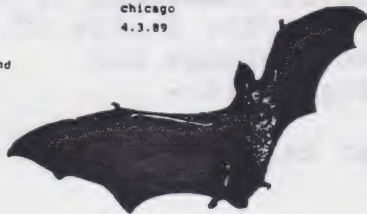
SIRENS OF THE NEW AGE RED DICK

DEFENDANT EXHIBIT

WARNING

there are few constants in my life:
the el grumbling by
under which i walk every day
and hear clearly from my room.
a lack of any sex life
and an unquenchable, unrelenting
spend-my-last-dime appetite
for drugs and alcohol.
i am turning into a loser.
i am forgetting
that this is the future.
lock every door behind you
burn those phony bridges
you kid yrself are there. you can't
go back to nothing
when you have just arrived
in yr ripped up rundown room
w/a filth of gin and nothing to do
but will the madness
that eats you alive
and burns away the truth
of knowing
that caring is dangerous
and yr best friend
is an ugly enemy
called you.
i take off my leather jacket
read some goethe
to keep me sane.
i go to work. i guess
like i go thru a 6 pack
keepin my chin up
ready to attack
the abuse of working
for a man you hate
who underpays you
keeps you cummin back
to the job you wonder...
is it worth yr precious time.
i mean, i could be writing this
at 10:30 in the morning
instead of drinking black label
until the ceiling falls
into wasted eyes
that stare me to sleep
every single night.

brian clemons
chicago
4.3.89



last drug pose

easy to guess
my sickness again,
veins collapsed
into tracks running
from me.
there's no rush.
other escapes:
yr black hair
in my fist, my blue
eyes on you.
and "this"
less than occasionally.
danger is pure
on paper
for awhile.
tiny holes punched
into sky.
we will
leave marks.
no symbolism here,
no hopes to hang
ourselves w/no way
denying it.
let's leave
a trail of poison
tattoo ink home.
let's hate
everything we create
and worship burning
bridges car wrecks and heroes.
let's go. death is more
perfect than life
on a good day
we're black and white
tulsa photo lust,
larry clark killers
and memory outlaws
hustlin our dreams.
i'm probably dying
faster w/out you....

brian clemons
lawson ymc
chicago

Drug dog



friday

on yr red couch
i am in eight
bright t.v. wasteland
i kid myself
this hot pursuit
of a sexless illusion
is worth it. IT IS
my last car wreck
will not be left
roadside, barely running
and on fire.
i'll sit & burn
behind the wheel smiling
know the vane
passenger seat you made hot
will go up at last
in the vacant green
flames you burn
the boots off
my narrow mind
and all the insulation
i pack to keep love
a safe and cool distance
owned and across town
by someone i barely know.

brian clemons
chicago
4.23.89

"SUDDENLY
HE WAS
THERE ...
THE SCYTHE
STILL
DRIPPING
WITH THE
BLOOD OF
HIS LAST
VICTIM!"

blast note

the rush is a memory
a name in my drug
phone book phallus
shriveled for you
white and fist
telling me again
yr back
my one way heart
pumps new december
hotel ink our lovely
veins heat
a thief's trust to love
we get flowers
wet enough to cry
cruel roots
stay like weather
certain patterns of guilt
ain't forgiving
fingers idly inward

brian clemons
chicago
89



DEFENDANT EXHIBIT

"yr drunk, yr incoherent
and you don't even have eyes."

i am not
going nowhere fast
i'm just going
nowhere all the time
i'm passed out on t.v.
sitcom drugs that leave me
or a .38
cocked & loaded
at my temple
i'm always ready
for the next
laundromat or bar
w/a dark garbage alley
and no memory
the denizens of anything
that decipher civilization
into a violent art
you'll never understand

brian clemons
chicago
4.26.89

*rebecca handzel

quick six

fat on my first beer
racing the sun
down to drink
a poison world away
i am a poet
in chicago
and other places
i climb the el
to touch a passing train
whose shriek and dust
horseflies love me
and i gotta tell you
that second beer
is still cold and me
in the sun deciphering
graffiti and violence
into a smeared eclipse
of what goes on
in yr mind i imagine
blown to hell like
mine, the third
beer salutes you
death not painless
in the cracks i never see
happens to sidewalks
or me, the list
of real fast cars
and cheap baby drivers
saved by poetry they
even lock up the garbage
around here WARNING
THIS NEIGHBORHOOD PATROLLED
and brick up the windows
for a disco i never
wanna afford honesty
"it's fucked all over"
the fourth beer suggests, i say
"pay attention my foamy friend
my throat and yr brothers
gotta watch?" cold planes pull
w/bells on the air darkness
begins clinically from the ground
up greens go first watch
(means it gets in night & chilly)
and this quick alley
offs 945 dakin

just hear my fifth
beer say "hello" even
getting ahead of myself
as i suck last
of the fourth down
writing that. street lights
this side of the world spin
some gut in a yellow hat
br. remind me
not to wear yellow.
the pigs
cruise me real slow
i have a weakness
for pork...today
i just don't look hungry.
cross to the dumpster
wish 6 was 8
empty cans clattering behind it
wish the sixth
beer said something
i could brag about.
it's all neon
siren horn headlight
engines talking their own
beat-up english to me now.
steel tracks
pushing ink
into absent wishes of more
noise and perfect disease.
i'm on a train
i don't stop here.

brian clemons
chicago



BLAST HIM!

CITY OF CHICAGO
BUREAU OF RODENT CONTROL
Phone 744-6465

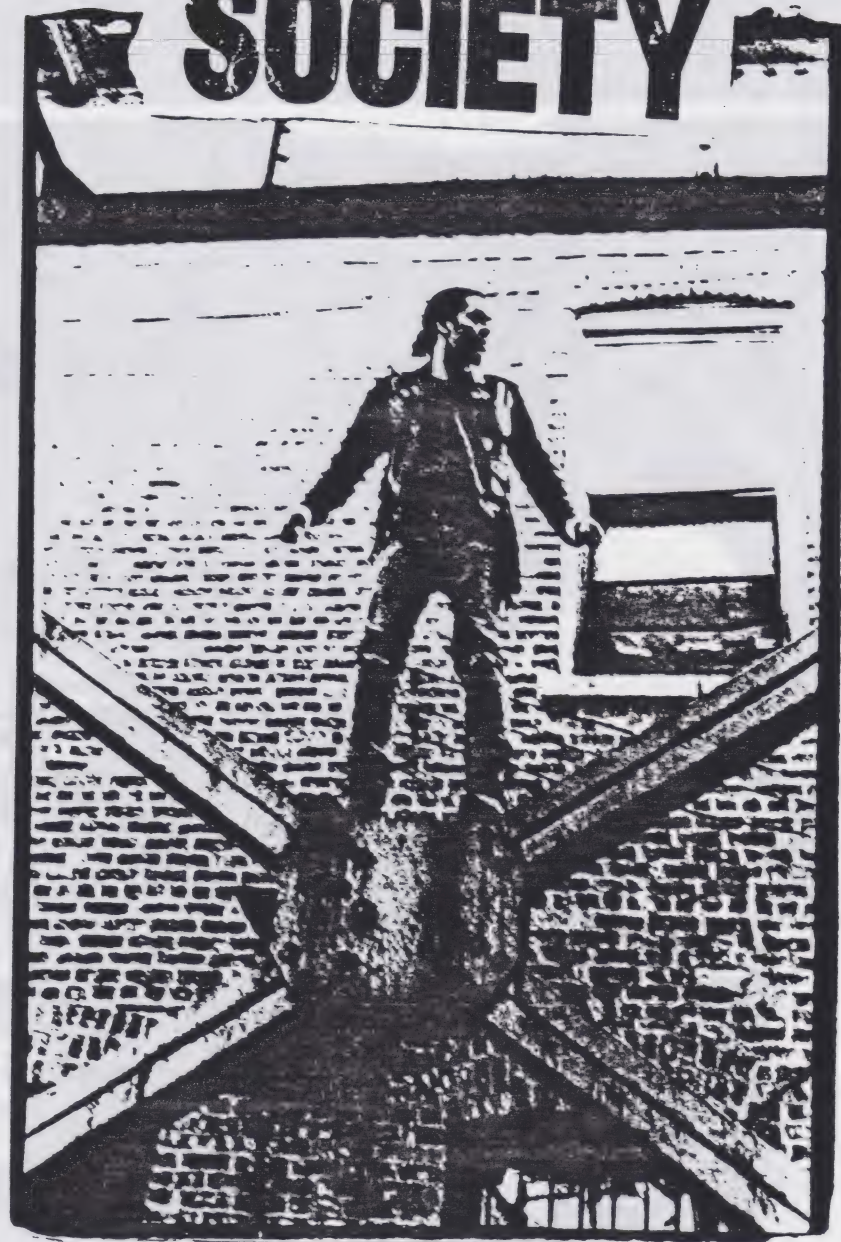
"a brighter future"



R.I.P.

BY THE
CITY OF CHICAGO
RODENT CONTROL PROGRAM

ball-snatching SOCIETY



R.I.P.

- ★ EXPENSIVE
- ★ EXCLUSIVE
- ★ OBVIOUSLY WORTH IT!

56
minutes

15
dollars

shot in -
miami, chicago,
nyc., brookfield, ct.
columbia s.c. and
atlanta georgia
RIP
po box 578054
CHICAGO 60657

Brian D. Clemons reaches slightly beyond the anti-societal proclamations of present-day, combining a strange mixture of himself in quasi-x-rated self-submission along with a performance which brings to life the poetry and personality that made him one of the most talked about artists in the Chi-town underground. Perhaps going beyond the limit of some people's idea of ART, Brian D. Clemons definitely delivers with an entirely effective execution of his poetry and prose.

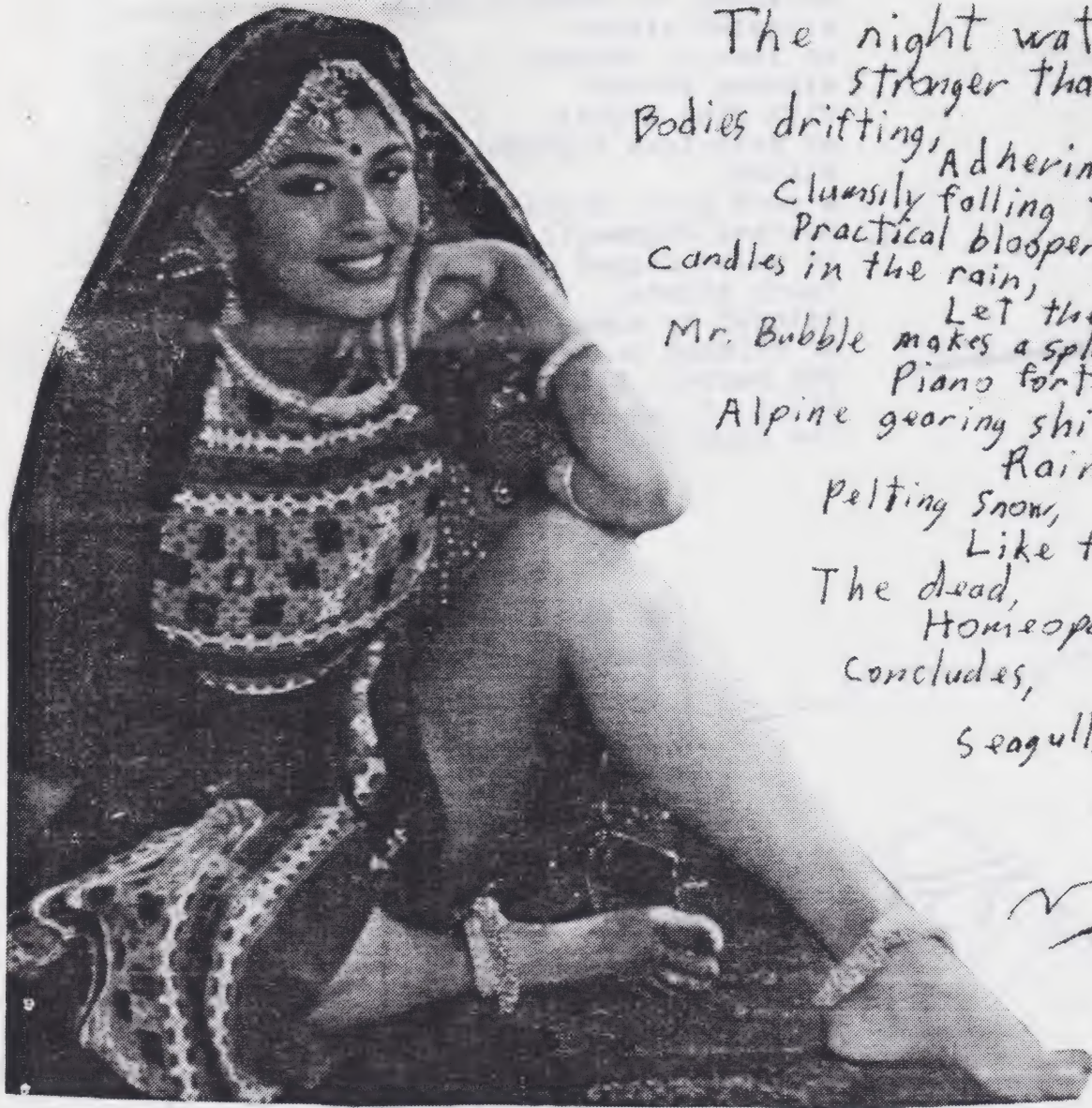
*** Don't miss him in rare form in R.I.P. ***

--Amy Chase

—presently engaged in the
study of the Beat Generation...

"Eleve Was" 1989 abner dumoff





The night watch,
stronger than dirt,
Bodies drifting, Adhering to a melody,
Clumsily falling stars,
Practical bloopers plunder,
Candles in the rain,
Let the good times roll,
Mr. Bubble makes a splash,
Piano forte piaissimo,
Alpine gearing shift
Rainlike bullets
Pelting snow,
Like textures of
The dead,
Homeopathic procedure
concludes,
Seagulls fly
so High,

W
W
L
L

WINTER

The vaudeville of broken icicles
arranged in caves of dark,
wrinkled dreams.
On lonely, feared,
distant shores
with pink nights
of ferocious alphabets.
Winter,
a cold grey, drizzling,
drained drumbeat/
of white ragged memories.
Youth blinks/
blinded by summer chorus
of crimson orange laughter.
The barren, bird ebony/
sings in icy, blue, grey mornings.
The dance begins.

OTTO MJAANES



YOU.

I am an Individual.

You are an Individual.

We are Individuals.

Some men have it.
Most never will.

10% OF THE POPULATION
OF THE WORLD
CONSUMES $\frac{1}{3}$ OF THE WORLD'S RESOURCES.
OUR TEN PERCENT.
Yours.

As we present to this community a model of theoretical-practical coherence, Cheap Art in a self-reflexive act of criticism, will continue to disrupt the hope of those seeking a representative politics or art. To counter every attempt at recuperation not out of a taste for purity but out of a simplereflex of self-defense, we can not tolerate those people whom power is able to tolerate quite well.

But we have never come to an agreement as to what power is. Our search to make us feel alive.

Cheap Art's influence stems from its ability to set an example both negatively by showing its own weaknesses and correcting them and positively by finding new paths, some overgrown or only freshly trod by a few others.

We want to not be mistaken in judging others, individuals or groups (we condemn no one to death) and in this way make it impossible for people to be mistaken about us. We want to make clear that the individual is a societal construct which seves those in power by emphasising seperateness.

Is power entrenched wealth? Does this power surge through the international telecommunications system? Is it Time, inc.? How many of us have even a basic understanding of electricity?

Cheap Art and allied autonomous organisation will meet each other only in the search for organic unity. Tactical unity is effective only where organic unity is possible. There is the possility that through its construction of the individual the society is expressing its universal death wish. Individuals can only function within groups. But it is up to each within the group to reaffirm life, our everyday existence.



50¢

In 1893
Dr. Daniel Hale Williams
performed the first successful
open-heart surgery

On a crowded Chicago street.

On July 9, 1893, James Cornell was
stabbed in a Chicago street fight.

Dr. Williams then did the unthinkable.
He sliced open the man's chest and suc-
cessfully stitched up his heart.

With that, he ushered in a new age of
medical science.

Today, Black Americans continue to
test their knowledge

They're learning valuable career skills
and, in return, they serve just two days a

week in the Air Guard.

Find out more. Call your local Air Guard
regular today.

the street.

Air National Guard

live on the edge

THE BOARD OF EDUCATION POEM.

K. DiMaggio

Hello my name is Joe I am a protestant I have
a family my wife is an executive and my
children who are perfect happen to be
degenerates but that's the way it goes because my
name is Joe and I like to blow but I have to be
respectable I have to be upstanding I enjoy
my work selling Zyclon B pellets at I.G.
Farben and I take my hypocrosy very
seriously as a member of the Board of
Education because my name is Hello and I am
a fake but that's the way it goes at I.G. Farben and
the New England suburb of Dachau and can't
complain can't complain that's what we
always say to each other before we be-
come respectable and upstanding and dream
about fellatio at our meetings at the Board
of Education and the sixteen year old
who is fucked up molested terrified and
queer

runs for his life

because this is the Board of Education poem

the poem where people who just can't stand but have to
stand on top of your face stand on top of your
back stand on top of your calves your
neck your throat this is the Board of Education
poem where people who just can't stand will make
your life mirror their children's degeneracy will
make your no name American town an ignorant
complicit place called Dachau and hi my name is
Joe and I'm very concerned I'm helping to
raise the quality of your child's education
it's the only thing that stops me from molesting
your little boy in the bathroom because my
name is Fred and I'd like to stand on top of
your head and my name is Ann and I'd like
to stand on top of your back and my name is
Paul and if you don't mind I'd like to stand
on top of your throat because I'm a member of
the Board of Education now I'm one of the up-
standing citizens in the community of
Dachau I'm a member of the Board of
Education now I want to put more quality and
Hi How are you in your child's education I'm a
member of the Board of Education now

and the 15-year old who is pregnant abused strung-
out and raped runs for her fucking life

Pg.2 THE BOARD OF EDUCATION POEM

Hello my name is Death and I am a member of one of
the more lackadaisical sects of the hypocritical Christian
religion I can't complain just like I can't say words
that ever really mean anything and I
consider myself upstanding enough to stand
on your child's head and serve you better by
becoming a member of the Board of Education hello
my name is Hess Rudolf Hess upstanding
civic leader in the town of Bergen Belson and
this year we're proud to have a basketball team that
spearheaded all the way into Poland and for the
fifth straight year in a row our football team the
Dachau Aryans have finished first in hypocrisy
racism and lying just like their parents and
the fourteen year old who is just fourteen years old and
doesn't like sports and who can't play ball and
can't yell go! and who doesn't have a jock and
doesn't wear a bra and who doesn't have
money looks physical prowess on the
field or any of those other idiocies required to
be a Hitler Youth American just runs just runs

because their name is death their suburb is
Dachau their houses and wide green lawns are just
a stone's throw away from the crematoria and their
churches and schools and chambers of commerce are filled
with arrogance just arrogance so you better
watch out if you're queer or you're pregnant you
better watch out if you have no money or you're
an intellectual you better watch out if you don't
like sports or refuse to support your
team because their name is upstanding their
town is the midwest their houses and wide green lawns are
just a stone's throw away from the big defense contractor and
their churches and schools and chambers of
commerce are filled with intolerance yes intoler-
ance so you just better watch out you just better
like sports you just better yell go! you just better
join the Youth or you just better disappear

because when you're fourteen or fifteen or sixteen and
you just don't fit in then your name is slut your
name is fag your name is geek weirdo freak which means
that your name is disappear just disappear

and can't complain how is Joe Zyclon B and what a
great football team we're gonna have this year ha slap on
the back what a great football team we're going to
have this year ha slap on the head what a great
football team maybe this time we'll reach Moscow!
and how about another slap on the back and
before we begin how about another latent homo-
sexual slap on the back what's another rough
male hand between two white males who love
sports more than women what's another hard
male slap between two men who always have a
dirty joke to say about women because they
just hate women what's another grunt and
a laugh between two middle aged men who have

(Cont.)

Pg.3 THE BOARD OF EDUCATION POEM.

a hard time expressing themselves in language what's
another slap a grunt between two overweight
salesmen who are upstanding what's another rough
hairy hand between two upstanding men who
both have ulcers what's another palm what's another
grunt what's another slap between two adolescent
men who can really understand each other and
what it was like throwing the ball kicking the
ball receiving the ball running with the
ball ah the ball. The Ball! Give us back the
stadium the coach the locker room the showers give
us back the ball The ball!

and the kid who is just fourteen just
fifteen or just sixteen and can't do mind-
less monkey-like things with an egg-shaped
ball you better run

and the kids who play with the ball and
cheer for the ball and live for the ball and
love the ball will tomorrow go can't complain
slap you on the back become upstanding and stand
on your head by sitting on the board of
education I want to sit on the board of
education now I want to step on your throat I
want to sit on the board of education now I
want to kick in your face

and how wide the lawns are how green the lawns are
and the schools the schools Dachau has
some of the best

and the sixteen fifteen and fourteen year old the
kid who is just a kid the kid who can't be more than
that the kid who can't fit in

it's a good chance that your soul or even your humanity
or even your life in this shallow conformist and cowardly
society is marked for death

*

Kenneth DiMaggio
45 Euston St.
New Britain, Conn. 06053

THE FLEAS

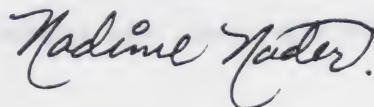
The bums, the gays, "the girls", save the water of the City... They smell like rats, metamorphosis, prisoners of their own environment... They lock their love in the green funeral parlor where my mother-froze celebrates her birthday for the first time; drastic changes of dresses to the places of the living, Which one?...

They laugh, they sing, they talk, they play, they save for us the last crumb from the wasted bread;... they are the result of the virginal wheat field, where the cast iron and the chrome replaced the simple man... When they walk they carry the sweet dust of our bodies, the lightning of our times, the tiny candle not for praying but for love... They hug our secret sour screams with many directions without any exit.

Most of them sleep in their fantasies-smoking herbs. Breathing the white powder of silent death. Living for the liquid of pleasure and transitory content in the hole of the needle, which will never sew the empty space-the rupture... They work overtime in the Bellevue of life dripping wine flavor of sweat and blood. Especially "the girls" with a red rose ripe in their mouth, with tears and laughter wave good-bye to the last client; Mr! Mr! twenty dollars please!... It is a cold night. They always take off their clothes in front of the temple as a talisman and grasp the impossible divinity... Liturgical souls, solitary souls, bleeding souls... sometimes within body within mind, walking death with human taste. Nobody loves them, I do! Do I?... I am here present-existing-surviving.

The silent night suits of sound, whisper, whisper, whisper with the winter breeze; pure tiny pyramids dance in the violated sky; tiny glossy diamonds light up the indefinite atmosphere... Please don't go, let me dance with you the last, the last, the last.....
Death.

Nadime Nader



WASTE STATION

By David Huberman

Within the shelter of the sanctuary, he walked in screaming gibberish that he had the knowledge about what his tombstone would say; "Here died a cracker-jack" named Crazy Ray.

He sat down in his chair after ^{that} and just stared at his shoes, probably wondering if the little pieces of string he found wandering the streets would work as shoelaces. The circle of people all nodded their heads, whispering to each other "Another dysfunctional trying to get sanctuary". They were all in the waste station because that's where wasted matter of human flesh goes for redemption, for sanctuary, to be recycled back into human society. If possible.

Some called ~~it~~ ^a a sanctuary, others called it a waste station. And both were right, because this was the place where each human being made his or her application to a Higher Power. What came out of all this really depended on them. They were all there- the wretched, the miserable ones, the living dead, the damned. Some of them, when they applied, saw the F.B.I. in every corner. Others complained of still finding Martians in their beds, while others walked in off the street singing insane songs. Some just stared into space. Then there were the misfits who were full of anger, hating everything and everybody, but mostly themselves. They came from all walks of life. People who lived in ivory towers, who plunged down, down, down, until they crawled out of cardboard box houses. From men's shelters, refrigerator box homes, city parks, they came. Some lived on Park Avenue, while other's plucked themselves out of the bowels of the Bowery to be there. For some, this was the last stand, the last walk, the final waltz, sleeping the big sleep, the eternal resting ground. They came in all shapes and sizes.

Some were dying of Aids, pockmarked with big , red, gruesome sores, the curse of the plaque found all over their bodies. Surprisingly, they worked all the harder to get their applications into the Higher Power, but maybe this was no surprise because they felt the Kiss of Death eating them alive. And like Crazy Ray, whos body should have supported 185 lbs., came in at 95 lbs. Many came in like him, looking like they were totally emaciated. Others had the Elvis Presley syndrome, coming in weighing 400 lbs., looking like beached-up whales waiting to die, rotting slowly to death. Kids in their twenties, rock & roll idols, heros, groupies and trash all trying to escape teenage wasteland and the oldtimers from the Bronx and Brooklyn, leftovers from the West side Story generation whose heros were Gene Vincent, Elvis and Frankie Lymon, were all putting in their applications. The ancient ones, the Vampires of the Nineteen-forties, with histories of abuse for forty years and more, were few and far between, but there were a few scattered within the circle. There they were, old flower children from the sixties, punk rockers, a defrocked priest, call girls, rich boys from Long Island, jazz musicians, nice jewish boys gone wrong, ex convicts, old ladies, Yuppies, catholic girls, Puerto ricans, drag queens, business men, criminals, rappers, wankers, studs, rock stars, bums; even a geek from Queens. All trying to get sanctuary. You couldn't really tell who was granted sanctuary and who ended up in the Waste Station. After the circle was broken, Slogan Sally came up to Miserable Dave and Rebel ^{Rob} ~~back~~ and asked what they thought would happen to Crazy Ray. But nobody knew. All Miserable Dave could say was -

"From ashes to ^{ashes} ~~dust~~
from dust to dust
where our scattered souls go
nobody really knows,
but this is the Waste Station
this is sanctuary
this is it.....

Sept/87

David
Chelsea's **2 HIP 4 THE ROOM**

HEY PEOPLE—
CAN WE GET

CAN I BRING
YOU A DRINK, SIR?

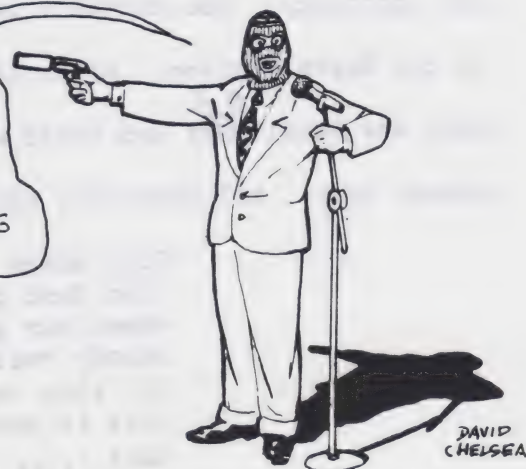
ARE DRINKS
FREE FOR PERFORMERS?

NO, I'M SORRY

IN THAT CASE, I



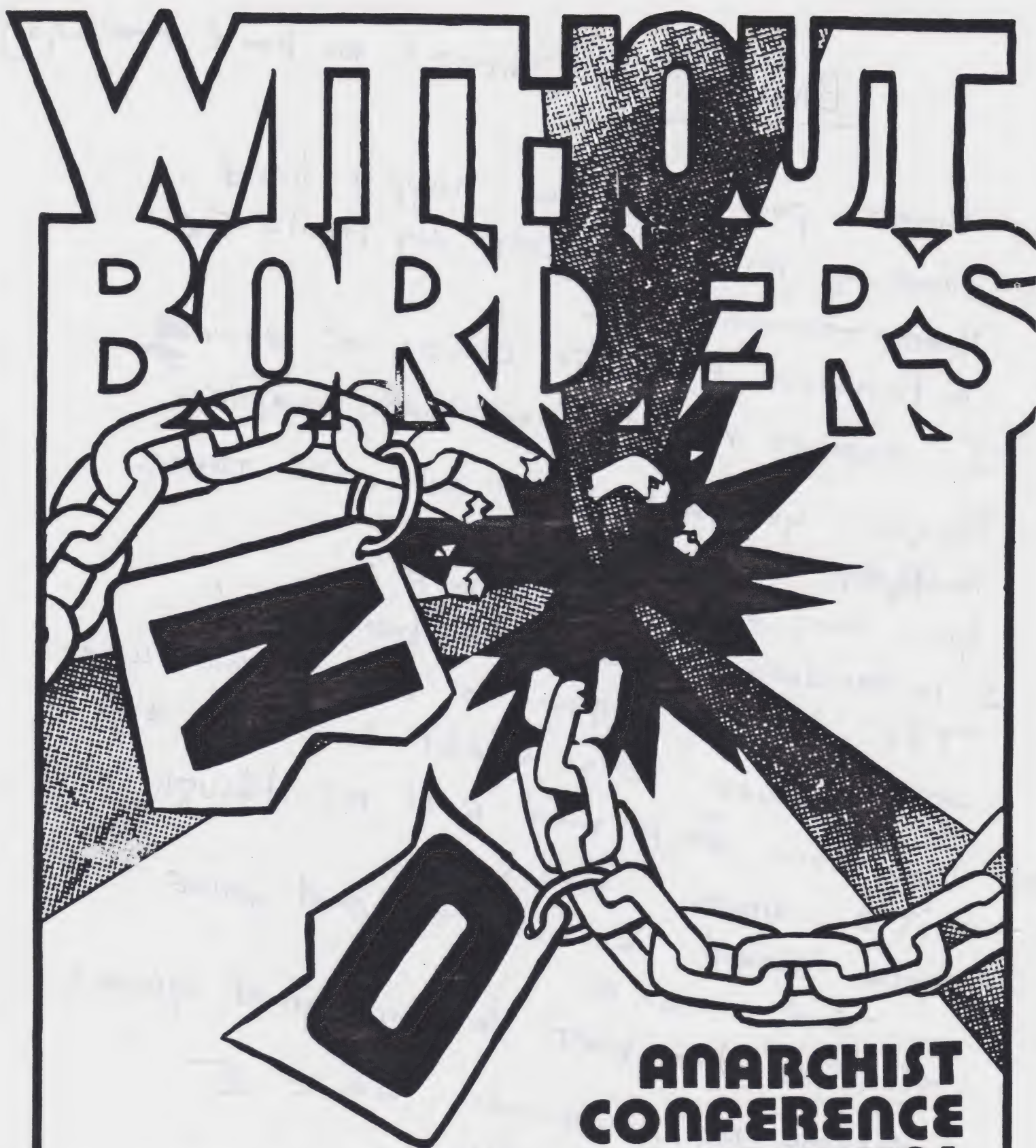
OK PEOPLE, YOU HAVEN'T EXACTLY BEEN RESPONDING - BUT I GOT NEWS FOR YOU. I'M NOT AN OPENING ACT - I'M A TERRORIST, AND I'M HOLDING THE BAND HOSTAGE. IF YOU DON'T GIVE ME A STANDING OVATION AND A PLANE OUTTA HERE I'M GONNA START SHOOTING HOSTAGES - STARTING WITH THE DRUMMER!



Baby Blues (There's no hand feelings)

SWEAT pours From my nappy head
creating music to keep my family fed
~~HEAD clouded by~~
befriended by white clouds of NAIVETE
I exposed myself and taught you ^{to} play
Taught you all the licks one could teach
ANOTHER.
You hung out with Black's
I introduced you as 'a brother'
The hits began to flow your way
I received less credit day by day
You now rock and roll as though
it's your own
Your bread is sweeter and you're
THE clone
I wish the best to you and yours
Excuse me a second while I
sweep the floors

ROBERT WATLINGTON
103 SECOND AVE.
N.Y.C. 10003



FOR MORE INFORMATION
WRITE; Without Borders
1369 Haight St.
San Francisco, CA.
94117

CALL; (415) 864-4674

**ANARCHIST
CONFERENCE
and FESTIVAL
SAN FRANCISCO
JULY 20-25, 1989**

Future is based on **Trust**

061-23 87 67

AFTER READING THE NO RIO MAG

Put a shovel right down to the gravel
to the rock

and shovel New York out. Out. Somewhere.

That's how it happens. Skrash. No trace
but in a distant dumping site

the carried roots

re-weed an accidental mound,

little shoots appleing larger.

So Africa now

in Manhattan

re-beating even in electric booms.

..some lost Iroquois,

ancestrals carved in once alien stone

more ancient than our crimson canyons..

other side of the galaxy.

2)

Yeah.

Take Sandburg's crowds on their busy street —
never mind conscience
or social conscience ;
never mind philosophy — just
shovel them away.

Where the lucky ones land, distance darkened,
in the oddest materials
their courtesies, dis courtesies and totems
will appear.

Suburbs in North American once-was forest.
Suburbs in the Martian stream.

*Cedar girl, jade boy
careful on the moonlike coral.

Bob Hart

Yeah, Ken,
your poem inspired this.

* originally:

Ken DiMaggio chanting in a ^{another} ~~different~~ language.

When Medusa Turns

Live haired Medusa.
I saw you once
at the orange end of day
oily snake halo
about your impenetrable eyes
and terrible mouth
and with your great brown breasts.
In a light so dainty
that stone was fine as grass
you turned from me
as a great sealed dragon will turn
from hands of benediction.
It was in mercy
but the rear of you
was awful as your front.
Its puffs were vertigo
as cliffs
and deep between.
It was rock island looming
whose arriving height
makes workwet sea voyagers afraid to pray:
the last reflector
of a plunging sun.

Bob Hart

New Year's Morning

**Ate what was left in Bayer bottle.
Nuked two cups of tea, color of Penzance.
Slapped cat, whining for Frisbees Buffet.**

**Put Traveling Wilburys on CD,
kindled roach,
tried to remember why I was sleeping alone.**

**Gonna do it differently this year,
gonna burn without alcohol,
fly without smoke,**

**Gonna lift weights,
eat fiber,
read Joseph Campbell.**

**Tux gripped belly too tightly.
Champagne corks
ricocheted off walls,**

**Tongue rammed
strange,
lipsticked mouths.**

**Throw out Oreo cookies,
spill re-corked Bordeaux,
ditch cherry Haagen Daz.**

**Shovel Christmas cards
into garbage chute,
without saving addresses.**

**Clean this scabrous rathole,
purge my soul
with Comet and Pine Sol.**

**Pack ex-wife's photo
with holiday decorations
bound for Manhattan mini-storage.**

**Imagine dead Christmas lights
pressing into her face
during shimmering August heat.**

**Les Bridges
January 1, 1989**

STILLTRAUMA

see i trusted the sucker and he let me down
i trusted another and she blew this town
so now i'm leaning over with my ear to the ground

listen i've been around the block a few times
i've spent my heart in a thousand ways
i've bled real live tears and all that

look here i'll show you a few scars
in some very discreet places
i'll show you curtains that can be drawn apart
they are velvet and scratchproof
they are lace and iron
painted wet with rouge
draped over a valley

i want to tell you
i give blood to strangers
glide on wheels for feet
i rage at lives in recline
tremble at worlds in decline
i kneel with my ear to the ground

you should know
i wait alone in crowded places
move too quickly to be touched
laugh at fragile sharks
fall sometimes with grace
fall sometimes without
i lie down with my ear to the ground

listen from here you can see
all the way to the bottom of the well
where waters tread dark and rumbling
i kiss the rolling image
i give my blood and glide on wheels
i rage at life trembling in decline
i wait alone and move too quickly
i touch the fragile grace
and i fall sometimes
sometimes i fall
i sleep with my ear to the ground



DAWN LIGHTS IN TIANANMEN
TO TOMPKINS SQUARE

UP SPRING MY EYES
FROM THE WESTERN LANDS -
I SEE IT. BLOOD PUMPS
THROUGH THE HEART IN THE EAST

LIKE LIGHTENING RAYS REDDENING
IN THE MORN, OR AFTER
THE STORM, SPREADING FORTH
WARMING TENEMENT AND PARK.

THE OLD FOOL SINGS CALYPSO
BEATING OUT WISDOM ON THIN AIR.
WE ARE YOUNG FOOLS AND WORTHY
TO BE WIZZENED. WAKE UP!

WAKE UP! WAKE UP!
DAY MAKES ME GLAD - EARTH
IN WHITE-BLUE DAZZLING
DEMONS AND THEIR PLANS; THEY

SPARK AND BURN. WE HOLD THE
EASTERN
FOIL, SO FOCUS TO DIMINISH
EVERY PERIL IN OUR PATH.
WISE-FOOLS MARCH IN LIGHT.

THIS IS AN AGE FOR WISDOM
AND FOOLISHNESS, THE MAYAN
CLOCK CALIBRATED BACKWARDS
FAR FAR INTO THE FUTURE...

—AND YOU SHOULD KNOW WHY
WE STOOD ON ALTAR ROCK
AT THE SPREAD OF DAWN
IN SUMMER, AT EQUINOX, 1987
WITH OUR BROTHERS AND SISTERS
CIRCLED HAND IN HAND ON
OLD NANTUCKET ISLE,
A SANDMOUNT PILED UP BY
TIME'S SPIRALLING SIFT. AND YOU
SHOULD KNOW WHY SISTERS
AND BROTHERS ARE RETURNING
TO EARTH'S WELCOMING TEMPLES...

MACHU PICHU, SERPENT MOUND,
LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN, KEY WEST,
ACOMA, BLACKMOUNTAIN,
MOUNT WASHINGTON, SHASTA...

A VEXXING TIME SIFTS ITS DUST ON
THE DAWN UNHINGED BY BLASTING
BRIGHT TRUMPETS AND OLD OIL DRUMS
BEATING THE SONG COMPOSED BY
A HEART

FILLED WITH JOY, A HEART MADE
OF CIRCLES WITHIN CIRCLES,
A HEART
VEXXED BY WHAT PASSES AND
THE VIOLENCE ON OUR LAND,

A HEART OF CLAY AND BREATH,
A HEART SPRUNG OPEN AND
BEAMING IN A CIRCUIT OF LOVE.
IT ARCS ACROSS EAST TO WEST,

ELECTRIFIED IN HEAVEN'S
NINTH CIRCUIT. I FEEL YOU
BEFORE I SEE YOU, SITTING
CROSS-LEGGED IN OUR PARK.

IN THE GRASS DRINKING BEER
MAKING IDE CONVERSATION
ABOUT A FRIEND I SHOULD KNOW
WHO LOST HIS JOB...

WHAT OF IT...

SMELL, SEE, TOUCH THE SINGING.
IT IS LIKE THE WIND IN TOMPKINS
PEOPLE'S PARK.

28 MAY 1989
NYC.

This girl I know & her guys

(can't say her name)

She likes:

only shy guys

only shy guys who are ethnics & desperate

only desperate, ethnic shy guys who won't
freak when she breaks their balls

And because she finally found

a desperate, ethnic shy guy who won't
freak

She now breaks the balls of the

lonely, desperate people

whose ranks she

just left

(this friend of hers

and by implication, me)

I said, "Would you like help getting up?"

and I reached to help her

She almost leaped up (and she was
sick and fragile) saying

"I'll get up myself" and rushed

to the window (while I looked

At her friend (but only for a moment

(so I wouldn't have to focus

my eyes)))

THE AMERICAN WAY



From the series: "THE LAST FRONTIER" ®

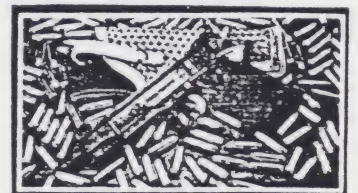
Fig. A

"I believe every law abiding American citizen has a right to own a firearm. We need to get tough....."



Fig. B

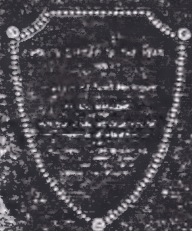
"Six feet of macho muscle. He's the ideal companion for single women, night nurses, the elderly or the handicapped. Simple assembly (bolting on head and upper legs with included wingnuts) takes about 5 minutes.



SGT. RICHARD BECKMAN:

1988 Police Officer of the Year

Cloverdale, California police Sergeant Richard Beckman, a 20-year law enforcement veteran, was honored as Police Officer of the Year after he shot a paroled murderer who had taken a gas station attendant hostage. Beckman's quick reaction and expert marksmanship also saved a fellow officer during the exchange of gunfire. Sgt. Beckman is a Life Member of the National Rifle Association.



The Police Officer of the Year Award is given annually by Parade Magazine and the International Association of Chiefs of Police (IACP).



"Instinct takes over when a police officer reacts to a hostage situation or when he confronts an armed criminal who has nothing to lose. My NRA training gave me the skills I needed to save a fellow officer and stop that ex-con from shooting an innocent victim. I'm honored the IACP chose me for this award. But it's far more

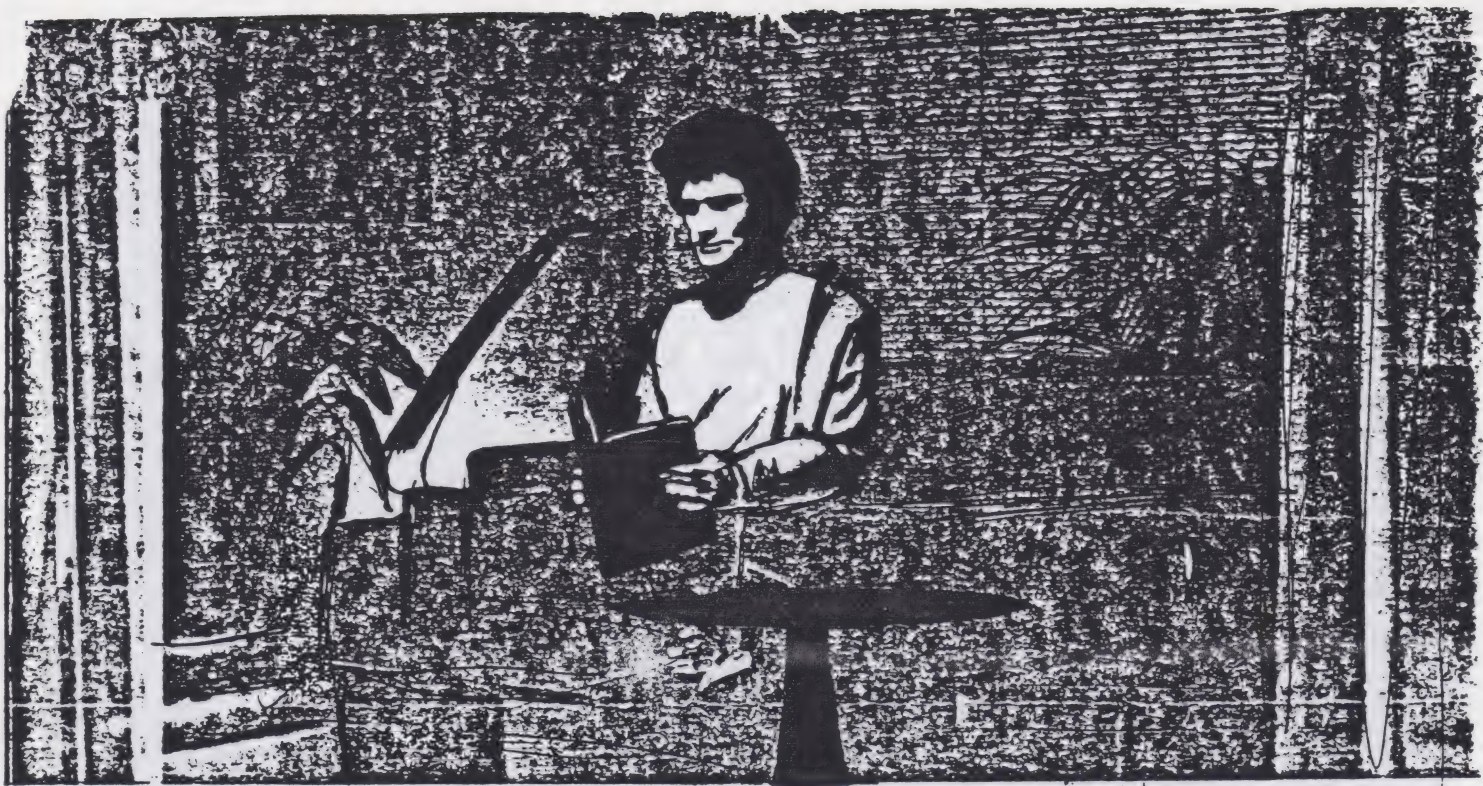
important that my fellow officer and a 17-year-old kid are still alive.

"I'm a life member of the NRA because I appreciate what the National Rifle Association has done for law enforcement. The NRA's training and support helps police preserve law and order. Together, we make a good team.

"But I also believe in the NRA because I believe every law-abiding American citizen has a right to own a firearm. Armed citizens deter crime. We need to get tough with criminals, not legitimate gun owners. I'm proud the NRA is working to pass no-nonsense anti-crime laws. That's what police and the public want."

I'm the NRA®

The National Rifle Association assists law enforcement nationwide with firearms training, range development and legislative support. If you would like to join the NRA or want more information about our programs and benefits, write J. Warren Cassidy, Executive Vice President, P.O. Box 37484, Dept. RB-1, Washington, D.C. 20013. Paid for by the members of the National Rifle Association of America. © 1989



^{New} Meet Gregory:

Stern and silent bodyguard protects you 24 hours a day.

A young woman is driving at night along a remote California highway—her three sleeping companions slumped low in their seats. Suddenly, a pickup truck roars out of the darkness and tries to force the car over. The woman screams—waking her passengers, who rise up in alarm. Seeing their victim is not alone, the men in the truck speed away.

This frightening incident was the inspiration for new Gregory™—a lifelike, portable mannequin who deters crime by his strong, masculine appearance.

Six feet of macho muscle.

A burly 6' footer, Gregory (from *Gregoros*, watchful) is a comforting presence in your car. He's the ideal companion for single women, night nurses, the elderly or handicapped, business couriers, or anyone who has to travel at night or through high-crime areas. From any angle it appears that your car has more than one occupant—and that the second person is a strong male.



Seat Gregory near a window so he is visible from the outside, and his presence will protect your home or business while you're away. Intruders don't want trouble—most will pass by premises

that appear occupied. Gregory can also guard your retail store, service station, weekend cabin, RV, or boat.

Tough guy is really a featherweight.

Unlike expensive department store mannequins which can cost \$1,000 and weigh 40 to 60 lbs., Gregory is easily portable. Built from rugged fiberglass and high-impact plastic, he weighs only 11 lbs.



Gregory's stern appearance is no accident. His rugged cleft chin, square-set jaw, firm expression, and broad shoulders telegraph to criminals that this is a man to avoid.

For complete naturalism, Gregory's head, arms, shoulders, and wrists are fully articulated, and can be locked in any position. His hands can hold objects to make it appear he is reading or writing (many department store mannequins lack this feature). He is balanced to sit upright in vehicle seats, sofas, or chairs.

Bodyguard with many identities.

Gregory's head can be changed with cosmetics to any age or race. You can draw in facial lines, add a moustache or beard, or remove the included wig.

His formed ears permit him to wear sunglasses or eyeglasses.

Gregory comes dressed in a gray cotton turtleneck, dark gray slacks, and belt (also available unclothed). You can garb him in sports, casual, or business attire. Or put him in a tux for formal occasions. He wears most men's clothing in sizes medium and large.

Simple assembly (bolting on head and upper legs with included wingnuts) takes about five minutes. To make it easy to lift him in and out of cars, Gregory has no lower legs. Made in US. No maintenance required. So durable, he is used by police departments in over 20 states. 90-day warranty.

One out of every four US homes will be burglarized—with losses averaging more than \$1,000 per break-in. Now you can protect your family and your property. Call today and team up with Gregory—the first affordable 24-hour bodyguard.

- Gregory (with clothes)
#DGN010 \$499 (35.00)
- Gregory (unclothed)
#DGN011 \$449 (35.00)

Gregory is on display in all stores,
but is available exclusively through mail order.
Please allow 4-6 weeks for delivery.



In poetry —

blood red comes out of gold —

x gold drips blood red

the stars are off kilter
? what is their background

blood drips everywhere

black + x gold ^{or} silver + gold

? real blood? what kind

under image

color - read bleed - 10.29
 green - \$ blood-red black? overall dots
 gold - as into some color, meaning? or w/ coat over a
 under gold

CHANGE

ripul
 device
 other than
 hand
 claws, jaws

black
 +
 gold
 ships
 w/
 blood
 drips



or she
 totally
 fucked
 upside
 down

CHANGE IT

[small word or phrase]

dirty
 broken

TO advertise?

CHANGE IT

JUST RACING WITH THE TYPEWRITER CAREENING WITH THE TYPEWRITER SPACING WITH
TYPEWRITER MACHINE THE KEYS ARE FUN TO ME NOW I FORGET A LITTLE NOW I'M

let me share just a portion of my silly little life.

let me stare or somthin'

let me touch you where you've never been touched before... plz ?

me touch you you touch me touch my couch

grasp your life hard get to know it good calm yourself aim high

grasp your life good get to know it grow balm your fears maim pain

get a grip then act act like now act up ready aim fire your will

jet a trip as in jetison meet george jetson stand up and fire

jet black as in memory

jet black as in dreams osculum pacis (thekissofpeace) when

jet black as in pupil i am truly ready to join you in eddie

lord in heaven, i'm ready to jet... paradise (you nut)

YOU DO

AND I'LL SPANK

EVERYONE

IN THIS ROOM

YOU DO

AND I'LL

TUCK YOU IN BED

YOU DO

AND I'LL SPEND

THE NIGHT

YOU DO

AND I'LL

SET YOU MORE

THEN A LITTLE

FREE

YOU DO

AND

YOU'LL DO

(heh heh)

jesus christ
as in jesus
mary and joseph
as in godamn
it as in jesus
flucking christ
Jesus, my dear expletive
e. my sweet shout, my
little curse of the soul
we take your name and give it rage.
within kills your face burns your words stran-
gles your idea. jesus christ as in many like
jesus christ as in short lived circumference
fo being as in someknosmos
fucker.
pump fo peace
the rage.

show me something scary
blow something in my face
have i got a headache
i love you
i knead you
bite down hard

KISS ME SLAP ME FRISK ME

t i c k l e m e
b e e n t i c k l e m e
d o i t u s e
t u m m y l e t
w e b l e e y

skip on over to my house and we can get some serious skipping done
flip on under my blouse and i'll get a bum who's hilarious tripping gone (?)
zip up your mouth and cook me grouse set up house while you eat my hair
rub all points south for best results then try on my socks all night its love
if i told you you have a beautiful body would you hold it against me ?
do try and fly do try and fly do try and fly do try and fly
hi my names larry hi my names gary hi my names sherry hi my names connie
hi my names parker hi my names paxton hi my names fuckhead hi my names nobody
i am ready for the onslaught of your depravity. come, sit a little closer...
you give me the willys william you give the shits brit you give the shivers
mr. rivers you give me the heebie jeebies oprah you give me the time of day

you raise a family or somthin'.
i could have you
i always carry a
dash of combustion. i'm besides my-
self-hey look-i'm besides myself.
with grief i'm besides myself
the grief is good
oh its good
know its kinda good, know when its
good, girl
girl (be a good)

show me something frisky
joe you're something in lace
have i got a bathtub
i need you
like dough
like gown lard

GROPE ME TICKLE ME SING ME

r e i ' v e n e v e r
b e f o r e g o a h e a
d o n e y i n y o u r
w e n n y t i l l
g o b f i s h g

THE KNOW WHAT IT IS. TO BE
MISS IT WHEN IT COMES YOUR WAY
'NO MOVE' OF YOUR SHORT LIFE-

READY FOR LOVE SO AS TO NOT
CAUSE IT COULD BE THE DUMBEST
I AM R E A D Y


WITH AN OLIVETTI. DO IT.

A RAT .uhuh .yeah .fast .real .tatozrioh
ing and the rains the heavens the ni-
ght leaves of grass beckon and i get
grass stand for me know leaves know-
leaves of grass all the leaves of
good, girl
know its kinda good, know when its
the grief is good
with grief i'm besides myself
self-hey look-i'm besides myself.
dash of combustion. i'm besides my-
i always carry a
i could have you
you raise a family or somthin'.

yeah .fast .real .tatozrioh
ing and the rains the heavens the ni-
ght leaves of grass beckon and i get
grass stand for me know leaves know-
leaves of grass all the leaves of
good, girl
know its kinda good, know when its
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self-hey look-i'm besides myself.
dash of combustion. i'm besides my-
i always carry a
i could have you
you raise a family or somthin'.

Deaf mute
trigger finger
I'll paralyze you
give back give back give back
give back my soul
yo-yo love
silence
silencer
I could be wrong
but then again I could be wrong
those little gaps of solstace are filled with razor sharp
talons tearing at my throat
I can't speak
lips aren't enough
you gotta kiss and tell
silence frustration
I can't speak enough
when did those little letters stop coming
my eyes are pumping
my eyes are pumping blood
they'll drown
silence couldn't be enough

deaf mute inevitable
powerless against growing silence
growing silence shit
silent screams searing me
echoing reverberating
head plate glass smashing
that would satisfying
stand there bleeding all over the place
nothing silent about that
my mind is a terrible thing to waste
better eat it all up
all this war story memorabilia
the starving millions
can't be happy all the time
words words words



I hold love in my hand
so tender, and love a lady
with long shiny hair —


and curly it is, and black
where it hits upon no light —
faith I have given to her,
have shown her something like a day

where rivers are laughing
and the sun is good for the plants
and the water knows the best way into her.

I hold love in my hand
that trembles at the sight
of her curls in her hair —
and in her flesh I am marked
as from heaven on high.

Rejoice! Ye braggard liars and sinners
and sup at the table
with me and my bride!

— Tod Thilleman
copr. 1986 by Meeting Eyes Bindery
307 W. 20th St. 1R
NY, NY 10011



LOCK UP YOUR DAUGHTERS

LOCK UP YOUR DAUGHTERS CAUSE YOU
NEVER KNOW WHAT THEY'RE GONNA DO NEXT.
LOCK UP YOUR GO-TO DANCING DAUGHTERS
YOUR SKAHEAD DAUGHTERS YOUR SEXLOVING
DRUGTAKING HELL RAISING DAUGHTERS! LOCK UP
YOUR DYED-HAIRED DAUGHTERS YOUR MINISKIRT
DAUGHTERS YOUR LAUGHING TEETHBARED IN THE
NIGHT DAUGHTERS! LOCK UP YOUR LONG-BO
DAUGHTERS SO THEY WON'T FULK BEHIND
YOUR BACK LOCK UP YOUR DAUGHTERS TODAY
WHEN THEY THROW MOLOTOV COCKTAILS
IN YOUR EYES AT YOUR LIES AT YOUR
STUPID POWER GAMES DENYING THE WISDOM
THAT PRECEDES THE MILLENIA
OF THE FATHER AND SON...



SASHA FORTNEY
!(*!
1989

LOCK UP YOUR DAUGHTERS YOUR SEXY
SMOOTH CURVED LIKE THE MOON STRONG
AS STEEL DAUGHTERS YOUR CRAVEN GYPSY
DAUGHTERS YOUR CASTRATING VAMPIRE DAUGHTERS
YOUR UNWRITTEN DAUGHTERS ALREADY DOOMING FAIRY TALES
TO DUST LOCK UP YOUR IMAGINARY DAUGHTERS YOUR LOST
DAUGHTERS YOUR STOLEN DAUGHTERS AND YOUR DEAD DAUGHTERS
LOCK UP YOUR BOOKLOVING DAUGHTERS YOUR ROCK'N' ROLL
DAUGHTERS AND THE ONES WHO DO NOTHING ALL DAY LONG
IF YOU LET YOUR DAUGHTERS LOOSE THEY WILL CHASE YOUR WORLD.
IF YOU LET YOUR DAUGHTERS LOOSE THEY WILL NOT COME BACK.
IF YOU LET YOUR DAUGHTERS LOOSE THEY WILL DO WHAT THEY WANT
AND THEY WON'T ASK YOU WHAT YOU THINK OR WHETHER YOU LIKE IT.



SO LOCK UP YOUR DAUGHTERS
YOUR ANIMAL DAUGHTERS YOUR
MUSHROOM GODDESS DAUGHTERS
YOUR TOO FAST TO LIVE TOO YOUNG
TO DIE DAUGHTERS YOUR REBEL
DAUGHTERS YOUR FISTLENGTHED
DAUGHTERS LOCK EM UP BEFORE
IT'S TOO LATE LOCK UP YOUR
LAZING IN THE SUN DAUGHTERS
LOCK UP THE DAUGHTERS OF
STRANGERS THE DAUGHTERS OF
TOMORROW LOCK UP YOUR BOLD
BAUDY DAUGHTERS YOUR LOUD
BRASH DAUGHTERS YOUR MUSICAL
MOUTHED EERIE EYED DAUGHTERS
YOUR PAINT SPLASHING IDOL
SMASHING DAUGHTERS YOUR
FINGER SUCKING PALM READING
HERETIC DAUGHTERS YEAH! LOCK
'EM UP LOCK EM ALL FUCKING
UP BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE

The ABC NO RIO as a Collective will present a distinctly analytical nature through its means of self-expression, manifesting itself most comfortably through the persistent exploration and evaluation of its purpose within the realms of creativity. Mars energy in the first house at its greatest generates within its boundaries a fearless and constant source of positive energy which will enable it to bounce back and recover from major setbacks, for this position allows for a great determination of spirit. The personality will lead towards a great sense of adventure within which philosophy and religion particularly will be analysed with much drama, for Mars in this placement just loves to do things in grand style, abetted by its Leonian nature. The Jupiter/Mars conjunction, square Neptune warns against being too self-enclosed or indulgent, for this energy can be most valuable when encouraged to expand outside of its environment. Saturn presents certain limitations in the field of resources and the need to be particularly careful in the handling of finances since the 2nd house placement does not bode well for the accumulation of wealth, yet the sextile Uranus coupling Saturn pulls emphasis from the area of money and bestows a visionary ability encouraging its participants to act as a bridge to the future via a combination of inventiveness and sound common sense by way of its examination of material sources and values both on a personal level and through the world at large. Pluto's positioning encourages this examination and scrutiny to present itself by a tendency to more unusual activities within an original and revolutionary setting.

The creative energy and how it will tend to manifest is much gifted by the Neptune/Mercury conjunction influencing the ~~XXXX~~ fifth house for this enables the imagination to flow to the point of excess - reality and unreality merge together in a manner both exaggerated and profuse. Mercury, whilst easing the communicative process places emphasis upon exploring issues of principle, yet within the collective the flow of expression will favour a distinct and personal identity. Artists, poets, mystics and film-makers, indeed anyone with an affinity to the dramatics of the life experience will be attracted to this kind of energy. A great deal of its creative attention will focus upon the observation and dissection of the present as a guide to the future, and will display itself with the verocity of the seeker, and an element of the absurd. Sagittarius has been labelled as the sign of the visionary and its true potential lies in its ability to consider Universal law by way of self-expression. The Sun sits most comfortably in this house creating the urge for constant creativity and expression within a party or group atmosphere, although aspects to the Sun - most specifically its opposition to the Moon creates tension and difficulties by constantly throwing external obstacles in the way of achievement - these serve to test one's strength and endurance, but for the most, should not prove unsurmountable - especially since the helpful trine to the first house Jupiter/Mars conjunction eases the way by encouraging and aiding the strength of the collective, Jupiter brings luck and enjoyment to this process and enables the most difficult external challenges to be, at their very worst, opportunities to learn from mistakes and to progress further in future conflicts because of them. Aspects to the Sun serve to remind the collective of the necessity of scrutinising one's surroundings and security, paying attention to the related details, and most importantly ensuring that participation in the outside world is ever expanding as this can introduce some major benefits.

ABC NO RIO

156 RIVINGTON ST.,
NEW YORK CITY

Compiled for:

JANUARY 01 1980

08:00:00 pm

Latitude 40°N 48'

Longitude 74°W

G.M.T. 01:00:00 hrs

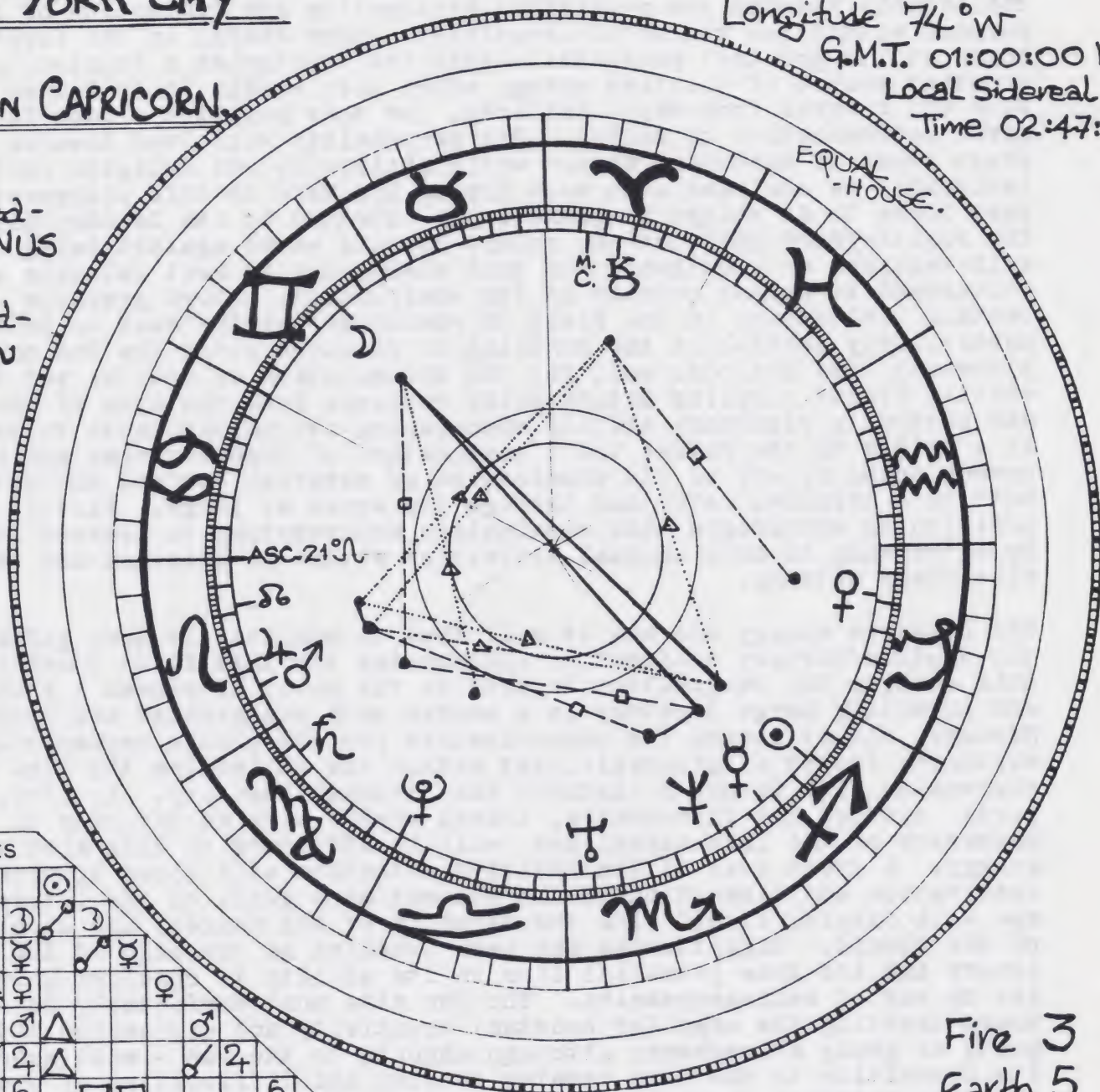
Local Sidereal

Time 02:47:22

SUN SIGN CAPRICORN.

Eccalted-
URANUS

Dignified-
MOON



Aspects	
☉ 10° ♈	☉
☾ 01° ♈	☾
☿ 29° ♈	☿
♀ 12° ♈	♀
♂ 14° ♈	♂
♃ 10° ♈	♃
♄ 27° ♈	♄
♅ 24° ♈	♅
♆ 20° ♈	♆
♇ 21° ♈	♇
♈ 00° ♈	♈
♉ 21° ♈	♉
♊ 14° ♈	♊
♋ 09° ♈	♋

Fire 3

Earth 5

Air 2

Water 2

RULING PLANET - SATURN

RULING HOUSE - 2ND

RISING PLANET - SUN

CARDINAL 3

FIXED 4

MUTABLE 5

Detriment -

JUPITER

PLUTO

MERCURY

Compiled & Interpreted

By Melanie Milburn

The Venus placement in Aquarius allows for original thought and unconventionality as well as accenting a strong futuristic stance in its attitudes greatly conflicting with the era within which it is occupied as with the Saggittarian influence this permits ideas way ahead of the times.

Uranus stands apart from the other planets in this chart, and with no major aspects directs on to the area within the collective is least reconciled with its objectives. By tradition Uranian energy is revolutionary, intuitive, and capable of destroying old ideologies in favour of the progressive and the new, it takes a non-conformist stance, but its position in the 4th house implies drastic and frequent threats to ones domestic situation, particularly it points to changes in location since it is totally at odds with current social and economic policy. The first house conjunction however indicates strong recuperative energy.

Chiron, a relatively new consideration in the planetary zodiac has been added to this chart since it represents the coming of the New Age and all the trials and difficulties associated with such a transition. It holds particular relevance in this chart for it is placed close to the zenith and conjunct the Mid-heaven which relates to the ambition and aspirations of the spirit of the collective. This places emphasis upon the prophetic and bridging role of the individuals within the collective and creates a grand trine between the 1st and 5th houses creating a harmonious abode for like-minds, paradoxically also bringing with ~~xx~~ it many challenges, for whilst progressive and politically prophetic ideas can be recognised and developed, being ahead of the times will present its own obstacles.

Whilst the ABC NO RIO collective is unlikely to receive much sympathy or encouragement from outside forces, save for its own efforts, within itself lies the ability to influence the external world with its vision and perspective, both individually, and as a collective via the persistence of its voice should it so desire.

BY MELANIE MILBURN.

JUNE 1989.

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BY MELANIE MILBURN.
JUNE 1982.

dear sweet reader,

june '89

summer in new york city. sticky, swampy & soupy in this that be the loisaída (lower east side). lots of folks feel this summer will top the outrage and experiences in the tompkin square park riots - in a word: domicide. the murder of home(s). no homes, no peace. no home where the heart is to be. new york city where home-hiatus-escape is all important- slips away. a city slips away from its people, its character- away from families, the young, the elderly, homesteaders, workers, the creative ones (artists), students. a city slips away from people seeking a choice, a new life, a new experience, an education, some alternative life, a city in which to grow in, to bask in, a city losing its soul. losing what has made gotham very special, in part... h.p.d. known ironically as housing preservation & developement (pretty good, huh ?) is flattening bldgs, razing them (another good one). some of us want to get the hell out of here... especially cause of the ever-increasing heat of summer, and some want to stay for the good fight. a san francisco poet said most adroitly something about concentrating on the communication of neighbors, the many peoples that make up a community, standing together and not to spend so much time having the media present at demos or chasing them down for air time. he's right, but the future looks awful grim. where to from here ? where do we go, if we gotta go ? maybe we should leave en masse ? set up a roving environment on wheels of spirit, of love, of the art of communication. loisaída is under a sword of damocles, hanging by a slender thread. and if this sword falls, lets go out and build some communes, set up shop out there on the open road. lets do it ! theres lots of good folks in this town. many of us talk about goin' on the the road with musics, poetry, performance and ideas under arm. a caravan, a convoy, new american nomads ? lets go ! every one horse town, metropolis and college town lets talk, lets relate, lets learn. you have to ask yourself, "what is the quality of your life ?" the soul of this neighborhood is being trampled and abused. somethings dying here and its hard not to think of anything else.....

in positive mind and spirit,

MATTHEW COURTNEY SASHA FORTE

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